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CITY OF NEW YORK

ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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GEORGE WASHINGTON RECEIVES HIS OFFICERS UPON HIS BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22.



521-547 West Thirteenth Street,
518-524 West Fourteenth Street,
NEW YORK CITY.

THE WEEK.

February 22—Monday—

"Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none."
Timon of Athens, i. 2.

February 23—Tuesday—

"The loveliest flowers the closest cling to earth,
And they first feel the sun."—Kettle.

February 24—Wednesday—"Satire is a composition of salt and mercury; and it depends upon the different mixture and preparation of these ingredients, that it comes out a noble medicine or a rank poison."—Jeffrey.

February 25—Thursday—

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,
These three lead life to sovereign power."—Tennyson.

February 26—Friday—"The man who has only himself to please, finds sooner or later, and probably sooner than later, that he has got a very hard master."—Earl of Derby.

February 27—Saturday—"An unnecessary apology is almost an offense."—Earl Granville.

February 28—Sunday—

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which neither enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."—Othello, iii. 3.

These quotations should be committed to memory daily.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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NUGENT ROBINSON, Editor.

NOTICE.

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All subscribers should examine their wrapper label at once and send in their Renewal of Subscription at least one month before time of expiration. This will avoid the loss of any single number of the paper or books. Our list has grown to such enormous proportions that we find it impossible to furnish back numbers.

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Or we will send you the Set of Books and the extra volume which you may select as a premium, giving you three Months to pay for your subscription, as follows:

We will forward the premiums at once on receipt of your subscription order and \$2.00; the balance to be paid in two monthly payments of \$2.00 for the two succeeding months. Thus: Should you renew your subscription in January, you would send us your order and \$2.00; in February you would remit us \$2.00; and in March \$2.00, thus paying the entire subscription in three months, and securing in addition to the Weekly Paper and Library, for one year, an elegant set of Cloth-Bound Standard Works, and an additional volume, also bound in Cloth with embellished gilt cover. This is the most liberal offer ever made.

Should you prefer to pay by the month, and have our collector call, in view of your being an old subscriber, we will deliver to you the Premium you may select, and you can continue paying the regular monthly installment, without the usual dollar down on the Premium Books.

THE KEY OF THE COAST.

THE earnest appeals of our military and naval authorities have at last been in part responded to by Congress. We are steadily constructing the various armed vessels which will, a few years hence, constitute an effective navy, well adapted to the supposed requirements of our military position with reference to other nations. We rightly consider these warships an indispensable part of our coast and harbor defenses. We are paying a moderate degree of attention to other understood features of those defenses. We are experimenting upon torpedoes, coast batteries and the like, and it cannot be denied that we are gaining important lessons. Many official reports and other publications have also informed our own and foreign nations as to the imperfections of the forts, guns and war material provided by our present wisdom for the protection, for instance, of the vitally important port of New York. It is to be noted, however, that when these papers take occasion to discuss the nature of the importance of this point of military advantage, they employ arguments based upon the idea that the supposed object of a foreign enemy, assailing the United States, must necessarily be attained by the actual occupation of this city after the actual capture of its surrounding forts, or some of them. That is, that the commander of the assailing force would have before him somewhat the same military problem placed before General Howe, commanding the British land forces, and Admiral Lord Howe, commanding the British naval forces, in 1776. This could not be the case with any assailing forces arriving upon the coast of the United States during the present decade.

The plan of operations proposed by the British commanders, in 1776, began at high-water mark, but did not end there. They held control of the open sea without dispute. Their need of the port of New York was mainly as a basis for extended campaigns in the interior. It was the best attainable landing-place and depot of supplies. It was not needed as a coaling-station, in that day of sailing vessels.

When, in March, 1775, the British lost Boston, they parted with any immediate purpose of invading New England, but beyond that they lost nothing. Then, as now, New York was the key of the situation, and WASHINGTON at once did his best to seize and hold it, while the very good generals opposed to him prepared to wrest it from him. How they succeeded is matter of history, and so are the military consequences in following campaigns. What we call the War of the Revolution was fought, for the greater part, upon land. No war of the present day between us and any foreign Power could have important battles on land among its features, excepting such fighting as might belong to the siege and recapture of an American coast-point after its occupation by the enemy, or in some other contingency.

In 1776, the most important of the several engagements fought for the possession of Manhattan Island was fought upon Long Island; and, after winning his victory there, General Howe occupied all the land below what is now Central Park without serious opposition, the Americans retreating from untenable ground.

In 1892, the key of New York is still upon Long Island, but it is of a very different nature. Now, as then, this port is the most important point upon the Atlantic coast, but not at all, as then, with reference to possible operations of invasions of the interior by land forces. There is no European commander-in-chief so insane as to push a column, no matter how strong, into the American interior, without hope of local support, such as might have been given him below the Potomac in 1861-65.

The present military importance of New York arises from its commercial and financial relations to the country and the world, and its varied relations to the Atlantic naval forces of the United States. In all these it performs uses which can be assailed, controlled, almost destroyed, without the need of occupying the city or capturing its forts. In these days of steam-cruisers, the first and almost the only requirement of any foreign Power with a stronger navy than our own would be the seizure of Long Island, with a good harbor and coaling-station. Both of these latter requirements are provided by Nature, and we have left them almost unguarded. A brief study of any map of Long Island will suffice to obtain a good idea of the peril indicated.

At the eastern end of the island is a tangled complication of peninsulas, points, reefs, sandbars, smaller and larger islands, bays, inlets and swamps. In the center of this tangle nestles the land-locked, commodious basin of Sag Harbor. It is so situated that all its approaches, for heavy vessels, can be readily so defended that it would be all but impregnable to attack by sea, and all its neighborhood is peculiarly adapted to the construction of ample defenses against any attempt by land. Whatever Power, our own or another, shall first seize it, can easily keep it. With reference to any attempt for the capture of Sag Harbor by land, after its occupation, its lines of defense are obvious. They are in a nearly straight line, north and south, at Peconic Neck, between Great Peconic Bay and the ocean. The left flank of this position, from the Neck, easterly to

Montauk Point, is well guarded by the difficult character of the shore-line for landing purposes. Its right, on Long Island Sound, from Mattituck Inlet easterly, is in another manner impracticable for the speedy landing of considerable forces. These would be under fire, from safely elevated positions, without a possibility of being sufficiently covered by a naval support. The front of the position is, first, the narrowness of the Neck and the availability of the Shinnecock Hills on the Neck for battery purposes. The only open ground on the Neck could be turned into a kind of "death alley" in a few hours. Second, north along the line, is Great Peconic Bay, in which a moderate flotilla would prevent intrusion. Third, beginning at Mattituck Creek on the north shore of the bay, a complete water-line extends across the Southold peninsula. It is composed of the creek itself, of Mattituck Lake, Mattituck Bay and the inlet of that name on Long Island Sound. Troops and guns posted easterly along this line would hold a position from which they could hardly be driven. Certainly not without such a cost as this country would not wish to pay.

The general advantages of Sag Harbor to a steam squadron cruising upon our coast seems to be sufficiently apparent. Any sea-captain can explain to an inquirer his views of the value of New York and the Sound ports as ports of entry, with Sag Harbor turned into a nest of armor-clad steam pirates of the usual cruising power of European naval vessels.

A special importance attaches to a seizure of Sag Harbor as a first step toward subsequent operations looking toward actual occupation of New York, whether these were to be mainly naval or otherwise. If naval, such a station would be invaluable. If otherwise, with an idea of marching into New York by way of Queens County and Kings, the fortifications of the Peconic-Mattituck line, or its equivalent, might be quickly supplemented by advances to other very well-known lines across Long Island, successively. It might, then, indeed come to pass, that another "Battle of Long Island" should be fought to decide the fate of the city. If it were fought and lost, the outlying fortifications, at the Narrows and upon the Sound, would hold out until their provisions were eaten up and no longer, for Manhattan Island, the Bay, the Hudson and the railways would be in the hands of some new General Howe, with "his brother, the Admiral."

However excellent might be our new warships, they could not assail, to any advantage, such an occupant of Sag Harbor, for all the features of the adjacent waters and their navigation, and all the topography of the region appertaining to Montauk Point and Southold are naturally in favor of defense. That fact should now be taken into account, with reference to whatever may be needed to render an occupation by an enemy impossible. It should not be left among the uncertainties whether or not the tremendous military and naval advantages grouped beyond Peconic Neck shall fall into the hands of an enterprising foe within a few days after a declaration of war. Neither should it be forgotten that such a post as Gibraltar, once taken, long ago, has been held unto the present day.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

HOW GENTLEMEN SHOULD PROPOSE.

THERE is now raging among our contemporaries at the other side of the pond a lively discussion upon the all-important, interesting and recondit subject of "Proposals," one article in particular, in an evening paper, consisting of some very sensible and some rather obscure observations, purported to be the production of a lady—a lady who had attained the mature age of half a century, and might therefore be presumed to be competent to look at the matter from a dispassionate point of view, and able, at the same time, to reveal something of the lessons taught by experience. On one important point the opinion of this expert is so abnormal as to make one doubt whether she is not drawing upon her imagination for her facts. Between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, we are informed, men literally shower their proposals broadcast around them. From twenty-five to thirty they restrict themselves to an average of one per annum. During the next twenty years—that is, until fifty is reached—they are generally still more slow and cautious, not to say backward, in their wooing. But after fifty (up to eighty, we presume, supposing that no favorable answer is meanwhile obtained), a man is apt to go on multiplying his offers till he sinks into second babyhood or descends into the tomb.

If this theory is founded upon the personal opinion of the lady correspondent of the evening paper—the *Standard*—we can only say that that experience must have been absolutely unique. Even a Turk or a Mormon could hardly do more in the way of offering marriage than, according to this lady, the average Englishman accomplishes. But are these statements facts or fancies? We venture to think that they are fancies, pure and simple. "If they even apprehended the truth," says a London paper, the *Lady*, "there would not be at this moment a bachelor or a widower within the four seas. All men would be married within the course of twelve months, and there would be nobody left to prove what

man could do at the various ages of thirty, fifty and seventy, if left to his own devices. Some women, no doubt, are so beautiful or so attractive in other ways as to inspire a large number of offers of marriage; and some women, by an unfortunate, and not always harmless, idiosyncrasy, are apt to interpret every compliment or gallant speech as tantamount to a proposal. We can think of no other hypothesis on which so exaggerated an estimate can be accounted for."

However, if we leave the question of statistics and approach the equally important one of the manner and the circumstances in which the fateful question ought to be put, we get upon more solid ground.

The unknown writer evidently knows what she is talking about, so far as this part of the subject is concerned, and the advice which she gives to youthful and middle-aged aspirants is sound and valuable. She prefers the written to the spoken proposal, basing her preference on the undeniable fact that a spoken offer is more likely to be unpremeditated, and therefore rash and inconsiderate, than one which has been reduced into writing. Whether epistolary or oral, the proposal should be short and simple in form. Naturalness and simplicity are, indeed, the two great points on which our instructress insists; but, in addition to this general advice, some shrewd hints are given, which tend to show that the writer's experience has not been wholly imaginary nor wholly wasted. The suitor should not dress himself in new clothes, nor with any special care; nor should he wear a flower in his buttonhole; nor should he, under any circumstances, drop on his knees—to do so might seriously imperil his chances if the young lady happened to have a keen sense of the ridiculous, especially if the wooer happened to have a tendency to stoutness of form. He should leave his hat in the hall—and this apparent breach of etiquette is not recommended without a reason. If the suitor takes his hat into the drawing-room, and is unfortunate enough to lose his suit, he will probably more or less lose his head as well, and rush from the presence of the fair, cruel maid into the hall—it may be even into the street—without remembering that his hat has been left beside the chair he lately occupied. When his emotions permit him to recollect this circumstance, there will be nothing for it but to go back and fetch his head-covering. This may, no doubt, lead the way to a few fresh, final words—reproaches, protests, vows or entreaties, as the case may be. The opportunity may be valuable; it might even, conceivably, lead to a reversal of the sentence of denial; but the occasion of the lover's return is so weak, so prosaic, so thoroughly unromantic, that such a result is, in our humble judgment, extremely unlikely.

After leaving his hat in the hall, the suitor, it seems, should take off his gloves. Perhaps, if he wishes to appear more natural still, he should make his appearance in a "blazer" or a dressing-gown, instead of the too prosaic black coat of civilized life, according as he may be active or sedentary in his habits; but this, of course, is not absolutely recommended. His position, we are told, should be about two feet from the object of his affection; a more distant situation might be ascribed to over-diffidence, or even to coldness; while a closer approximation to the lady is not to be thought of, until something like tacit consent has first been obtained. Two feet may be mentioned as the nearest permissible distance; and it is so near as to render needless a long and awkward rush (supposing the issue to be fortunate) before the first embrace can be achieved; before, in other words, he can taste the nectar of her lips. At a twenty-four inch radius the suitor is also near enough to bring the battery of his eyes into full play; and if any taking of slender fingers into his broad palm is to be attempted, this measure of separation will probably be found the longest distance suitable for the purpose. Another advantage of the two-foot rule is, that if the hoped-for engagement is for any reason to be kept a secret, the stated distance permits of a rapid and easy relapse into a harmless, every-day attitude, which a quarter of a second judiciously employed may transmute into a position of decided coolness. This obvious consideration does not seem to have occurred to the elderly observer who writes in the *Evening Standard*; but there is no doubt that it exists. As regards place, the drawing-room seems to have the preference with that lady. She even denounces dimly-lighted conservatory proposals, apparently for no better reason than that they are frequently met with in novels—a trivial objection, truly.

After all, we are not sure that the manner of a proposal is of very much consequence, so long as it is neither presumptuous, nor condescending, nor founded upon irrelevant considerations, such as the opinions of the loved one's parents or friends, or the depth of the applicant's purse. (A girl of spirit always resents such a method of wooing her.) The great point is—Does the lady expect and secretly desire the proposal, or does she not? A man must surely be something of a fool if he cannot find an answer to this question in the depths of his own consciousness before he makes an open avowal of his own sentiments. If the answer from within is favorable, and the would-be lover does not grossly deceive himself, it matters little whether his offer is made

by letter or by word of mouth. The most stammering tongue will be sufficiently eloquent for the purpose. Nor does it matter very much whether the parlor, or the conservatory, or the shrubbery, or any other place is selected, nor whether the young man leaves his hat in the hall and takes off his gloves—there is an unpleasant, combative sound about this phrase—or not. And, on the other hand, if the young (or middle-aged) suitor has been "feeding on the east-wind," if he is carried away by an undue sense of his own position and his own merits, or if his heart tells him that his wooing has not been prosperous, the mode of putting the question will have very small influence upon the result. It is the man's conduct beforehand, not his conduct at the critical moment, which is, in this instance, of real importance.

There is, no doubt, a minority who stand, as it were, on the dividing-line between success and failure. These gentlemen are generally the inferiors, either in wealth or in social standing, of the girls to whom they aspire, while they possess, at the same time, certain counterbalancing advantages. And sometimes, for her own private reasons, a girl finds a difficulty in making up her mind. In such cases the manner of making the proposal is, no doubt, of importance. A feather's weight—a sigh too deep, or not deep enough, a glance, a turn of expression—will turn the balance. For such emergencies it is impossible to lay down a set of rules. That might be done if all maidens were alike—and all suitors. One damsel likes an impetuous wooer; another prefers a languishing, or at least a sentimental one; a third delights in a man who will show himself fit to be her master. But to adapt oneself to the lady's liking is not easy. The impetuous lover is apt to become a nuisance; the sentimental one an object of ridicule; while the wooing of the gentleman who tries the bullying method is often suddenly terminated by his being fired out. On the whole, the only safe rule for a suitor doubtful of his standing is—patience, accompanied by unobtrusive, delicate and not too frequent attentions. Over-shyness is a bad fault, but over-confidence is a fault still worse, and far more dangerous.

It is often very difficult for a suitor, whose proposal has been rejected, to know whether he ought or ought not to take No for an answer. In some cases it would be the height of folly in him to do so, in others it would be the height of presumption to renew his suit. He must be guided by the circumstances, by the history of his courtship, by the relations subsisting between the lady and himself, and by the manner of her reply. There are several ways of saying No, even when it is uttered with perfect sincerity. But we fancy that most experts on the subject would agree that a second No (unless it is obviously equivalent to Yes) should be taken as final. After the second rebuff a discomfited lover should retire, comforting himself (if he can) with the reflection that between the nature of the unwilling maiden and his own there must be some hidden discrepancy, or want of harmony, which she recognizes, though he does not, and which would likely prove fatal to anything like happiness in the married state. When two young people—or middle-aged people, for that matter—really suit each other, a proposal is pretty sure to be followed by an acceptance. The young lady who likes and admires a young man of good disposition and sufficient means, but protests that she will always be his sister, as she cannot love him in any other way, is often met with in fiction, but seldom anywhere else.

A VERY extraordinary query has been put by an esteemed contemporary—"Is the dancing-man going?" This, from a journal published in New York, and in the midst of the so-called festive season, is simply astounding. Why, the dancing-man has gone. He is not to be found, not even in doorways or nooks or corners. The cigarette has so unnerved him that he has not energy enough left for a set of lancers, and as for a waltz, his poor, soft, putty head, would not stand a single whirl! The few dancing-men left are of very mature years, with muscles somewhat stiffened, and hair, when not dyed, freely bedabbled with white. They are honest, well-meaning fellows, who dance for the sake of dancing, not caring a whit what sort of a girl falls to their lot, so that she is light of limb, and "humors the music," as they say in Ireland. Our anglo-maniac dudes cheerfully recall the famous utterance of the colonel of that crack light-cavalry regiment, who, when invited by a hostess to dance, irreverently drawled, "Aw, the Tenth don't dawnee!" Let us assure our esteemed contemporary that the dancing-man has gone, and alas! that it should be written, the dancing-girl is going, too. She sees very little fun in dancing with married, stiff-kneed gray-beards, and a quiet flirtation in a corner with a cigarette-saturated youth is not without a certain quiet charm all its own.

CAPE MAY is vigorously demanding that a new cruiser be called by that name and in her honor, as she claims to have done the State some service during the Revolution, also in 1812. Let the cruiser be built and launched in honor of New Jersey, and be called Cape May—not Mosquito.

IMAGINE the United States navy, which has hitherto been regarded as a Pinafore-cum-canal-boat affair, being honored by a special paper by a specialist—Captain E. EARDLY WILMOT, R. N.! In a treatise, entitled "The Development of Navies," the gallant British mariner commences his criticisms with our cruisers of 1883, following with our armor-clads, and admits that the *New York* will be able to engage with many foreign battle-ships, "such as the *Warspite*, in our own, and the *Admiral Nackinoff*, in the Russian navy." Our guns are praised, and the rapidly-created plant for forging and completing them; while our torpedo is placed over that of England's. Captain WILMOT, after hearty eulogies upon the energy of this country, concludes that this country is now "fully alive to the necessity of having a fleet commensurate with her position;" and, further, that "before the century closes the United States will probably possess a fleet recalling the old days when her wooden walls were to be seen in every water, easy of recognition by their lofty spars, and noted for the smartness of their exercises." Well said, WILMOT, R. N., and that you may be there to see!

A NUMBER of gilded youths, aye, and of bald-heads, too, are at present engaged in raising five thousand dollars to present a bouffe actress, possessed of beauty, a voice and *chic*, with a blazonet of diamonds. These gildipates will have little or no difficulty in procuring the money, for of such is life. Another five thousand dollars are, let us hope, being raised for a weather-beaten mariner who has staid by the ship through hundreds of Atlantic storms, carrying her bravely and safely into port, and who is now stricken with a disease that will never again permit his scanning the offing. He is blind and friendless in this great city, he who has so faithfully guarded the lives of those committed to his care. Let Miss LILLIAN RUSSELL wear her diamond pin, but let Captain KENNEDY have at least five thousand dollars to his credit in the bank.

THE meeting of the British Parliament, and the stereotyped Queen's Speech, which means so very little, has been a pretty dull affair, since Parliament is in a moribund condition, and the Tories are clinging to power with the grim clutch of the octopus. It is rumored that Lord SALISBURY will dissolve in the coming fall, and then Mr. GLADSTONE leaps into power, carrying the whole country with him. The present Parliament will expire by limitation about the middle of 1893. That it has failed to accomplish the work promised in 1886 goes without saying—for the dominating question in English politics was then Home Rule, and the question is just where it was when the Tories "collared the country." But the Tories will never go out of office before the last day of their term, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding.

THE public ought to be told in the plainest language, in the coldest type, and by the responsible officials, through the newspapers, how many New York hotels are in the same condition as that of the late Hotel Royal, whose ghastly ending has been so grimly appalling. There should be no mincing of matters, no shielding of proprietors who have an alleged pull, no excuse for non-compliance with the law. Let the inspection take place instantler, and let it be made honestly and to the purpose!

ANOTHER American Duchess! La Rochefaucauld! And why not? In a recent editorial we suggested that Prince GEORGE should choose an American girl, with a view to her sharing the throne of England and that of the Empire of India. We are still of the same opinion, and could name a dozen *chic* and beautiful buds, with fortunes that would preclude the necessity of groveling to a reluctant Parliament for a paltry allowance for pin-money.

THE world is progressing. Here is the Emperor of China commencing the study of English. Shade of CONFUCIUS! His Imperial Majesty will be donning plaid, pressed trousers turned up around the ankles, a covert coat and a high silk hat, with, perhaps, an eye-glass thrown in with a two-pound cane. Will he not pronounce Canton, Cawnton?

THE newspapers, apparently, can neither kill Mr. BLAINE or make him retire. The rumor of his resigning his portfolio is denied, or that he is going to Lewiston, Me., to drink the famous Highland Mineral Spring Water which set his digestion to rights last fall. In fact, Mr. BLAINE is giving a great deal of trouble because he keeps his mouth so absurdly shut.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The subscribers and readers of ONCE A WEEK should give prompt and earnest attention to the offers made to renewing subscribers on the last pages of each number of the Library. Such offers have no precedent and are of enormous value.

A WITHERED ROSE.

BY T. FERGUSON.

ONLY a flower—and the flower is withered;
Only a rose with the color flown,
Like one that a careless hand has gathered
And left to die in the dust alone!
Only a rose! Is it good to treasure
Dreams of Dreams that were dreamt in vain—
A fugitive pang for an hour of leisure—
A thrill of pleasure, a throb of pain,
From the Past that cannot return again?

Who shall say? But a magic lingers
Round this colorless rose to-day—
Now as then, when her soft white fingers
Plucked the bloom from the bending spray—
Now as then, when the summer splendor
Warmed the land with its wealth of flowers
And the beautiful skies were blue and tender,
And the bird-songs sounded among the bowers—
Now as then in the golden hours.

Hand in hand through the garden closes,
Hand in hand to the shaded seat,
Past the lilies, among the roses,
Into the orchard's cool retreat—
None to follow and none to heed us—
None to hear what our hearts might say—
Ah, what moments the Fates decreed us!
Ah, what dreams for a summer day!
And she gave me this rose to keep alway.

I have kept the rose, but its bloom has faded,
The leaves have withered, the scent has fled,
And the skies are clouded, the world is shaded,
The summer is over, the flowers are dead;
And the beautiful love that was fair and pleasant
Is buried deep 'neath the fallen snows,
And leaves no trace in the empty present—
Poor, perished love!—of its long repose
But this dusty relic—this withered rose!

THE LADIES' PRIZE COMPETITION.

AWARD OF PRIZES—No. 6.

A COMPLETE set of George Eliot's Works has been awarded to Mrs. C. S. Kinney, P. O. Box 655, Salt Lake City, Utah, for the best essay on "How a Woman Can Earn a Living."

HOW A WOMAN CAN EARN A LIVING.

FIFTY years ago that was a problem. But Time has solved it. Woman patiently persevered, and success crowned her perseverance. The wedge once fairly entered, the opportunity was constantly widening, until to-day we have invaded every field, and our toiling awakens no comment or surprise. We have come to be equal factors in the world's growth, and so, why divide the work into woman's part and man's? It only remains for woman to perfect herself in the work chosen; to never assume duties without careful preparation; to perform these duties faithfully, and to think only of work while at work.

Fit yourself in every conceivable way; study your task; look at it, know it from every point of view. Labor is the law of living. To do work well you must feel the majesty of it. It is glorious when well done; it is an insult to your God and to your fellow man when slighted.

If you feel this, you will soon be a "skilled workman" in whatever line you choose; and you may choose any, for there is abundance of work in the world waiting for good workers. And work well done makes the life of the worker richer and more helpful, for it is stimulated by trained thought and by broad sympathies.

Fifty years ago we wage-workers were teaching, sewing or housekeeping. First, we forced our way into high schools, then into colleges and universities. Men's fears of evil consequences were not realized, and so were gradually calmed. Education opened the doors to literature and journalism. Soon we knocked at the professional gates; law, medicine and even the ministry were aspired to. Men began to see that their cry against the "desecration of the home" was purely sentimental, and so, gradually, a multitude of semi-professional doors opened, and we were allowed to take our places among all the manual workers.

Into this latter class go, according to popular usage, all those who serve in stores or shops; those in printing-offices, running folders, or gathering and binding; those in candy factories, cigar, shirt, boot and shoe, paper-box, canning factories, seed houses, fruit stores, gum, pickle or button factories. It is they who fill the streets from seven to eight in the morning, and then swarm again at six o'clock in the evening. Their coming has created new economic conditions.

Every city has its professional women, and almost every store or office its woman stenographer and typewriter, its woman cashier and bookkeeper, or confidential clerk. To-day I met two real-estate agents, a St. Louis coffee broker, a New York sales-woman traveling for a jewelry house, a merchant, a house decorator and an architect, and they were all womanly women, and many of them the sole producing element in their families.

In every branch of both arts and sciences woman has an opening. It is for one a livelihood; for another, the gratification of a taste; for many, both. What these have done is an incentive to others to try their strength. But to attempt to tell of the successes of all would be to catalogue the successful women.

However, here are some of the things that women have done, or are doing: Mrs. Littledale, of England, is on an exploring expedition in Central Asia. She expects to be away two years. Mrs. Frances Cunningham, of Memphis, Tenn., owns a smithy and wagon-repair shop, and is familiar with every branch of the work done there. She can shoe a horse or put together a wagon. In Holland, at every railroad crossing, stands a woman waving the danger-signal flag as your train passes, and no accident has ever occurred by the carelessness of these women, say the railroad officials.

In this country we have Miss Lizzie E. D. Thatee, train-dispatcher for the New London Northern Railroad. In some States women are in demand for serving legal papers. Often they can gain admittance where the doors are closed to men. St. Louis has a woman for deputy-sheriff—Mrs. Olive Buchanan.

WOMEN IN THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS.—Mrs. Florence Elizabeth Cory was the pioneer in this work. After many rebuffs she was taken as a pupil by a carpet designer in a large manufactory. After perfecting herself, she found there were many other women eager to be taught. So she decided to start a "School of Industrial Arts and of Technical Designs for Women." I believe the school is now in its fourth year. She has furnished designs to manufacturers in this country, Canada and Great Britain.

The industrial arts are taught also at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. There they have large classes in wood-carving, carpentry and in architecture. Mrs. Wheeler and her talented daughter, of New York, are wall-paper designers. They have also a distinctive method of weaving rugs, originated by themselves.

WOMEN'S WORK IN ARCHEOLOGY.—The branch of archaeology which has attracted the most is iconography. The mysterious charm of the symbolic world appeals to the feminine fancy, and there is a peculiar charm in interpreting them. Among the world's famous archaeologists are Miss Louise Twining, Mrs. Jamison and Miss Margaret Stokes.

Mrs. Dr. Schlaman, of Athens, and Madame Diewbafoy, of Paris, are a proof of woman's ability to endure physical hardships, and of her courage. But the woman who to-day leads the van of women archaeologists is Donna Ersilia Caetani-Lovatelli, of Rome. Miss Grant, an English artist, has been commissioned to make a bust of Parnell. Women, in pharmacy, are quite common abroad, although I know of none in this country. However, in dentistry, it is the reverse. Scarcely an American city but has one or more doctors of dental surgery.

We have manicures, chiropodists, and last but not least, the dermatologist. The dermatologist is expected to remove crow's-feet and wrinkles, make the cheeks, and neck, and bust, and arms, and hands, round and plump. She can even give expression to plain faces, and, in fact, make a perfect beauty out of a scarecrow.

There is the woman barber and the woman colorist; the doll dressmakers and milliners. The one here (Salt Lake City) is a second Jennie Wren, and, for a consideration, she will take "little mothers" and initiate them into the mysteries of cutting, fitting and making.

In Chicago there is a Ladies' Guide and Visitor Bureau. If you send word you are coming, a chaperon will meet you at the depot, accompany you to hotel, theater or opera, show you the attractions of the city, help you with your shopping, etc.

Another one of the institutions of large cities is the house-cleaner's establishment. Send word when you will vacate your winter home, and the house-cleaners will be on hand to take possession. They will pack your flannels and woollens; look after your furs; see to your curtains and draperies; steam your carpets, clean your wall, repair furniture or bric-a-brac, and, in fact, do everything, and more than you could do yourself. The day before you return the house will be in perfect order. Covers removed, cabinets refilled, draperies rehung; your china, porcelain and bric-a-brac all in its place.

Emily Huntington Miller is superintendent of the Northwestern University, of Evanston, Ill. Miss Cora McDonald occupies the chair of history in the Wyoming State University. Dr. Florence Rollock (Rev.), who preaches in Englewood, a suburb of Chicago, has not been absent from her pulpit on account of sickness for sixteen years. St. Paul's Church, Chicago, has a young lady as "pastor's aid."

In Portsmouth many women have passed the Board of Trade examinations, and so have become mates and skip-pers.

Then, there are in every city hundreds of those astrologers, clairvoyants, fortune-tellers, seers and fakirs, who, for a song, will "reveal the future," or "lift the curtain of the past." Some make "business love and marriage" a specialty; some are healing mediums and others trance-speakers. All will, for a consideration, bring order out of chaos and success out of failure.

In New York are "pet hospitals and hotels." These are patronized largely by actors and actresses, and by travelers going out of town who do not wish to take their pets with them.

In Europe there are many women models in the ateliers; here it is less common. However, in the Italian and French quarters, you can usually find what you want.

Female marriage brokerage is becoming quite an institution. For a per cent. of the bride's dot, the broker will procure a bridegroom, warranted to have all the qualities you may specify.

Teachers' bureaus have long been known to would-be teachers, and patronized by many of the best instructors in the country. They furnish situations for one-half, usually, of the first three months' salary.

The opening of Oklahoma brought into prominence the occupation of "woman boomer." One of the most famous is Nanetta Daisy, a well-educated, handsome woman of about thirty. She has been a school-teacher and newspaper writer, and came very near being State Librarian of Kentucky. She was the leader of a score or more women boomers who had their headquarters in Indian Territory. In all that pertains to womanly honor and virtue these women are beyond reproach, so says the editor of ONCE A WEEK.

London is said to have eighteen thousand newspaper women and twenty-two press clubs. New York is said to have one hundred thousand self-supporting women; twenty-seven thousand who support their husbands.

Captain Mary Miller has managed a steamboat on the Mississippi for several years. She holds a pilot's license,

also. The chief caterer in Washington is a woman. She has served every President from the time of Harrison's grandfather.

Mrs. Jennie C. Nixon is professor of belles-lettres in Newcombe College, New Orleans. The chair of oratory in the University of Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, is occupied by Miss Norma C. Crawford, of Minersville, Pa.

Miss T. A. Ruggles, Boston's woman sculptor, had two of her works accepted by the Paris Salon when she was only seventeen years old. Two new plays are to be brought out in New York this winter, both by New York women.

Miss Marguerite Palmer owns and runs a silk ribbon factory in Topeka, Kan. Sophia Hayden, the architect of the World's Fair Woman's Building, is a young girl scarcely out of her teens. Mrs. Schuyler is in charge of the lighthouse at Watch Hill. She was appointed during the Cleveland administration. Thirty thousand women in Paris earn their living by making artificial flowers. Cleveland has two women who sell daily papers. Chicago has two women who black boots, two who do mending and darning, and several who clean, dye and repair gloves.

WOMEN AS INVENTORS.—A California woman has invented a baby carriage that has netted her over fifty thousand dollars. The only successful dish-washer on the market is the invention of a woman. From July 1, 1888, to July 1, 1890, there were two thousand patents taken out by women. They embrace all subjects, from a dress-improver to a submarine telescope. Mrs. M. W. Martinot has invented a steam washing-machine, an ice-cream freezer, a clothes-dryer and a gas-stove. She makes the models with her own hands.

Women as trained nurses are among the blessings of this day and age. As a class, they possess "patience, kindness, generosity, humility, courtesy, unselfishness, good-temper, guilelessness and sincerity," says Lisbeth B. Price. She is both stoic and philosopher. The wages are usually gauged by the purse of the employer, and she is always in demand. In California and Florida, women are orange-growers and owners of fruit farms; in New Jersey, women are rose-growers and cultivators of "wild" violets for the New York markets.

Franlein Johanna Marstick, the cleverest bull-fighter of the day, carried off the beauty prize at a London beauty show last fall. Mrs. Alice Shaw earns a livelihood by whistling. She has four daughters who are said to inherit her wonderful talent. Miss Diehl, of Oklahoma, holds office there. Twenty-two newspapers in Kansas are edited by women.

I have said nothing of the training-schools, day-nurseries, churches, foundling-homes, cooking-schools, gymnasiums, homes for the friendless and for the erring women, the Martha Washington homes, and the thousand and one such institutions where women earn a livelihood by sewing, caring for and helping her fellow-women or their children.

Any woman can earn a living in this day and age, if she only wills it; not in one branch, but in any branch. The true secret is faithful, honest work.

IN PERE-LACHAISE.

THE old sexton of Pere-Lachaise knew everybody in Paris who had dear ones there, and could accurately gauge the depth of sorrow and its possible duration in the breasts of regular visitors; at least, he always said he could. New arrivals he hailed with a certain glee, and ruminated over, as any old gossip of Menilmontant might with a bit of precious scandal.

Close to the entrance of the cemetery, a beautiful old silver-haired woman, bent with years, passed. She carried flowers: it was All Soul's Day. The sexton knew her and saluted. She was one of his favorites, and he often mused over her story.

Her son had left Paris twenty-one years before in the Two Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Chasseurs, and had distinguished himself in the Franco-Prussian War. The sexton had known him well as a small boy, coming with his mother to visit his father's tomb. He must have been wicked then, for at one time he was caught digging into the mound of a grave, which predicts a bad end for anyone.

He made a good fighter, and won a decoration, but murdered a lieutenant, and was shot for it. His mother never knew it, however, and never will; his commanding officers honored his war record. She believes, to-day, he fell at Sedan fighting; and, weekly, for nineteen years, has visited what she believes his grave, but it belongs to the sexton, this grave she decorates; it covers his own child who was killed at Bazailles.

As the old lady passed out, empty-handed, she looked up through her tears to bow again to the sexton.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

THE RECENT CONTEST.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, February 2, 1892.
MR. P. F. COLLIER.

DEAR SIR: I was delighted to receive the premium of Moore's Poems, which you sent me, in the Quotation Contest. Please accept many thanks. Very respectfully,
MARY C. ADAMS.

PIERRE, S. D., February 2, 1892.
EDITOR "ONCE A WEEK."

DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of a copy of Moore's Poems, and, being without a copy of his poems, they fill a vacant niche in my bookcase. Thanks.
Yours truly,
H. E. DEWEY.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Tuesday, February 2, 1892.
P. F. COLLIER, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: Your excellent edition of Thomas Moore's Poems has been received and is highly appreciated. Not only the sons of Erin, but every noble soul will try "to keep his memory green." Very sincerely yours,
IDA KOHN.



RUSSIA—RELIEF OF THE FAMINE-STRICKEN SUFFERERS BY COUNT TOLSTOI AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

COUNT TOLSTOI, the eminent Russian novelist and practical philanthropist, a sketch of whose career has appeared in this paper written by M. Crofton, has rushed to the relief of the starving Russian peasants with a vigor and earnestness thoroughly in keeping with his writings. He formed a "Home Committee," consisting of himself, his daughters Jatiana, Olga Noviko, and others true to the core in the cause of charity. Being in touch with General Annenkoff, chief of the Famine Committee, Count Tolstoi immediately set his Home Committee to the ungracious

but all necessary task of begging for dole from door to door—money, food or clothing. To find ladies of rank and of the bluest blood in the country of the Czar, where the nobility are regarded in the light of demigods, was such an astounding performance as to draw public attention to the good work, and, ere two weeks had rolled over, many noble and gracious women were at work vying with Countess Jatiana in her errand of mercy.

As will be seen in our illustration, Count Tolstoi himself stands at an open stall in the open street distributing alms,

food and raiment to the starving peasants, while the Home Committee are working with a will among the rich and well-to-do, appealing to their sympathy in the great, good cause of suffering humanity. We also illustrate the scene of the recent bloody riot in Kazan, and suggest also, in illustration, what this country might do for suffering Russia at this dark and dreary hour of her history.

NOTICE.—The decision in the "Valentine Contest" will appear in our next issue.

MR. COLLIER AND THE AUTHORS.

THE subscribers to ONCE A WEEK are respectfully asked to read the following:

Mr. Collier, being desirous of securing for the subscribers to ONCE A WEEK and its Library the newest and best novels by the ablest English writers, caused advertisements to be inserted in all the London leading literary periodicals, calling upon novelists to communicate with him, as he could promise an edition of over two hundred thousand to any novel of which his reader would approve—the subscription list of ONCE A WEEK being over two hundred thousand, and a novel a week being included in the subscription.

The magnitude of these figures so disturbed the ad-depleted London correspondent of the New York Tribune, Mr. G. W. Smalley, that this luckless *littérateur* published the following, under the head of "London Notes," in the Tribune of Friday, the 12th inst.:

"There is in New York one of the most remarkable men of modern times, and one of the most generous, who is trying to make himself known to the writers of books in England. He addresses English authors desirous of having their manuscripts copyrighted and the sale of their works pushed in the United States. It is by advertisement in some of the weekly papers of London which have to do with literature that this benefactor of the literary species makes known his name, and addresses, and profession. He is Mr. P. F. Collier, and gives as his address, 523 West Thirteenth street, New York. I am sure you will not grudge him this unpaid advertisement, when you know that he guarantees to his client a sale of over two hundred thousand copies within one week of publication. No limitation as to the class of book, or as to subject, or size, or goodness. Any English author, it appears, who will put himself into communication with Mr. P. F. Collier may be sure that two hundred thousand copies of his book will be sold in a single week. What I should like him to say is whether American authors are excluded from this guarantee, and if so, why? The respectable weekly papers in London which publish this glowing proposal do so without a word of caution to their credulous readers. Does Mr. Collier publish the same advertisement in New York? And if he does not, would you mind asking him why his charity does not begin at home?" "G. W. S."

Mr. Collier instantly replied to the luckless Smalley, through the columns of the New York Tribune, a reply which that eminently respectable journal published in its issue of the 13th:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TRIBUNE.'"

"SIR—At the conclusion of your 'London Notes' in this day's impression of *The Tribune*, the writer, G. W. S., facetiously alludes to certain advertisements of mine which are appearing weekly in London, in *The Saturday Review*, *The Spectator*, *The Athenæum* and *The Academy*. In these advertisements I call the attention of British authors to the advantages of copyrighting and publishing their works through me, guaranteeing an edition of two hundred thousand copies within one week, since a subscription to my illustrated weekly paper, ONCE A WEEK, includes a novel with each number, or fifty-two novels a year, and as I have over two hundred thousand subscribers weekly, increasing in number, I can, as a natural consequence, place two hundred thousand copies of my author's book within the week, having a 'Hoe' press which was specially built for me, with a capacity of turning out fifty thousand books a day, folded. These books are known as the 'ONCE A WEEK Library.' I am not in the least astonished that G. W. S. is fairly paralyzed at these figures; they have also astonished the Incorporated Society of Authors, with whom I have the honor of being at present in correspondence.

"G. W. S. makes one mistake, however, when he says that 'any English author, it appears, who will put himself into communication with Mr. P. F. Collier, may be sure that two hundred thousand copies of his book will be sold in a single week.' It is only such works as I accept for the 'ONCE A WEEK Library' that I publish.

"G. W. S. asks if I extend this chance to American authors. Why, certainly! I have just contracted for a story by Frank R. Stockton, the author of 'Rudder Grange,' 'The Lady or the Tiger,' etc., and I have already had the pleasure of publishing his 'Ardis Claverden' and 'The Great War Syndicate,' for which I paid him respectively ten thousand and three thousand dollars. This morning I dispatched a check to Mr. Julian Hawthorne for a coming story, and I have published novels and novelettes by the most distinguished living American writers.

"G. W. S. writes as though my advertisement had been dated in some obscure loft. 'Mr. P. F. Collier gives his address as 523 West Thirteenth street, New York.' My full address is Nos. 521 to 549 West Thirteenth street and Nos. 526 to 532 West Fourteenth street. My establishment covers twenty-four city lots and runs through the block, on both Thirteenth street and Fourteenth street. Further, I have thirty branch establishments in the principal cities of the Union.

"G. W. S. states that I am 'trying to make myself known to the writers of books in England.' As a matter of fact, I have published and paid for stories by Messrs. H. Rider Haggard, B. L. Farjeon, F. C. Burnand (of *Punch*), Miss Braddon and others, so G. W. S. may now rest assured that I am not unknown in 'Merrie England.'

"Apologizing for trespassing upon your space, and especially when I am compelled to speak so much of myself, which your correspondent has forced me to do,

"I am, dear sir, yours truly,

"P. F. COLLIER.

"NEW YORK, February 12, 1892."

Mr. G. W. Smalley will be a little more chary of his factiousness in future, if he be desirous of saving the Tribune from giving "unpaid advertisements."



WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN's birthday was celebrated on the 12th inst. with great enthusiasm all over the Union.

The old Castle Garden, through which so many millions of our citizens have passed to good fortunes, is now legally an aquarium, the bill having been signed by the Governor on the 12th inst.

Secretary Tracy has cabled Admiral Gherardi, at Montevideo, instructing him to return with the *Philadelphia* and *Concord* to the West Indies.

The body of Thomas Ford, brother of the ex-Lord Mayor of London, has been buried in Potter's Field, St. Louis, by the city undertaker. Ford was found dead in the slush of one of the streets of Carondelet. He had died from exposure and cold.

James G. Fair, the oldest son of ex-Senator Fair, died early on the morning of the 12th inst., in his room in the Lick House, San Francisco, from heart failure. He had spent the evening with his father, and died suddenly on retiring. He was twenty-nine years old. He was a brother of Miss Virginia Fair and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, of New York, and Charles Fair, who is now in Europe.

The Hotel Royal, corner of Sixth avenue and West Fortieth street, New York, was totally consumed by fire on the morning of Sunday, the 7th inst. The building proved a veritable death-trap, and was in a blaze within a few minutes. Eighteen lives were lost. Inspector Seton, who confessed to having sent in a false report as to the number and condition of the fire-escapes, has been dismissed. The inquest opens upon Wednesday, February 17th.

A. G. Porter, Minister to Italy, in an interview, said he would not return to Italy until ordered to do so by the Department of State. When asked if he expected such an order, he said he believed his return was contingent upon the return of the Italian Minister to this country.

The annual Assay Commission, appointed by the President to test the coinage of the mints for the year 1891, have completed their duties by finishing their examination at the Philadelphia Mint. The coinage of the mint last year aggregated 118,691,971 pieces of the value of \$57,053,302.60. The number of pieces reserved for test amounted to 28,318.

The Massachusetts House has passed the bill prohibiting the giving of free railroad passes to its members.

The war between the Navajo Indians and the cowboys in Western Valencia County, New Mexico, on the Atlantic and Pacific, has ended and peace reigns for the time being.

The United States Daughters of 1812 has been incorporated for the purpose of keeping alive the patriotic spirit of the men who, in military and naval service, aided in the War of 1812.

Ward McAllister has reduced his famous Four Hundred to One Hundred and Fifty. It is quite possible that he will reduce it One—i.e., Ward himself, and what splendid company Ward will be for—McAllister.

George J. Longfellow, a brother of the famous poet, is a farmer, and lives near Bexton, N. D.

The Ways and Means Committee of Congress will be petitioned to prepare a bill invoking the paternal condemnation of the Government upon the cigarette habit. Representatives Cockran, Cummings and Stahlnecker, of New York, all have in their possession bills which they have been petitioned to introduce, providing for the suppression of cigarette manufacture by imposing an internal revenue tax of ten dollars per one thousand on all imported or domestic cigarettes sold in this country.

The Episcopalians of Philadelphia are going to build a diocesan house, to cost one hundred thousand dollars, of which about one-fifth has already been raised.

The Pope has given a special audience to Thomas B. Bryan, and his son, Colonel Charles F. Bryan, the Chicago World's Fair Commissioners. It was a State ceremonial. His Holiness received his visitors in an exceedingly gracious manner, and he said he would be delighted to take part in the Exposition and would contribute as far as possible to the success and *clat* of the undertaking.

The charter of the Arkansas City, Oklahoma and Texas Railroad Company has been filed with the Secretary of State. It contemplates the construction of a road from Arkansas City southwest through Oklahoma to Henrietta, Tex.

EASTERN HEMISPHERE.

A DISPATCH from Penza, capital of the Russian province of that name, gives additional details of the suffering among the peasants in that famine-stricken district. Birds, it appears, drop dead from the cold and men are found frozen to death along the roads. Typhus and other fevers and diseases are carrying off the inhabitants. There are two hundred dead around Penza and eighteen thousand people are being fed by charity. A quantity of grain has arrived at Penza, but owing to the fact that nearly all the horses of the neighborhood have been killed for food, there are no means of distributing it into the country districts. Matters are still worse in other districts, and that in Samara, Saratov, Charkov, Kazama and Nijini-Novgorod the inhabitants are said to be dying by thousands.

The attempt to negotiate a treaty of commerce between Italy and Switzerland has failed. Pastor Wendt, a well-known clergyman of Kiel, has been removed from his charge for denouncing from the pulpit the Government's Educational Bill.

Six hundred tons of cargo have been removed from the stranded steamship *Eider*. Captain Heinecke still says he expects to save the vessel, but he is almost alone in his hopefulness. In several districts of the wine-producing provinces of

the Rhine the cultivation of the vine has been abandoned on account of the difficulty of coping with the phylloxera, and the owners of the land are raising tobacco and grain instead. There is a theory that after a year or two of such use of the land vines can be again raised without incurring the ravages of the worm.

There was an explosion in front of the Spanish Consulate at Lisbon last week. No serious damage was done, but the noise disturbed the city. Examination showed that a bomb had been exploded, probably by Anarchists in sympathy with those in Spain and in consequence of the recent execution of four Anarchists at Xeres. The Government is keeping a sharp watch on agitators of all kinds.

A remarkable sale of jewels is now in progress in London, England. The gems form a collection made by Miss Kate Forbes, who died recently at a great age. She professed to be a lineal descendant of King James II., and spent most of her time in the lonely apartments which she occupied in the Chester House at Wimbledon, poring over old pedigrees and imitating as well as she could the ways of royalty. It was supposed that she was in very moderate circumstances, but after her death it was discovered that she possessed a fine collection of pearls and other jewels, as well as historically valuable enamels, coins, etc. The executors ordered the property disposed of at an auction. Many of the valuable articles forming the collection were found in out-of-the-way places, hidden in the coach-house, stuffed into chimneys, etc. The value of the property may be judged from the fact that a Bond street trader paid a total of £15,515 yesterday for a few lots of pearls. Another lot of pearls on silk brought £4,600, a necklet £5,000, and three eardrops £550. Two George IV. snuff-boxes brought £142 and £235 respectively, a diamond necklet £1,700, and four emeralds £230. It is said that, according to the terms of Miss Forbes's will, the proceeds of the sale are to be devoted to the furtherance of the Jacobite cause in England, if the executors can find any such cause to be furthered.

The Paris Committee on the Chicago World's Fair has decided that before it will make arrangements for a French art exhibit at the Fair the American authorities must guarantee that there will be no trouble, such as there was at the Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition.

THE METROPOLITAN CLUB.

WHEN the Union Club blindly blackballed Mr. King, president of the Erie Railroad—a man of absolutely unimpeachable reputation—the nincompoops who dropped in the fatal pills little imagined that the aforesaid pills were as corner-stones for the most magnificent clubhouse in the world.

The property acquired is on the northwest corner of Sixtieth street and Fifth avenue. It is part of that much litigated estate in which the Duchess of Marlborough once Mrs. Hammersley, has an interest. The plot is 100 by 200 feet, the great depth being on Sixtieth street.

The main building will be 50 by 90 feet, about twice the size of the Manhattan, thrice the size of the Union and eight times as large as the Knickerbocker Club.



In addition to the main building will be what is called a ladies' annex, 55 by 40 feet, fashioned after a similar convenience at the Somerset Club, Boston, with separate dining-rooms and drawing-rooms for the special refectory of the ladies of the members' families.

The main entrance of the club is through an outside vestibule, 11 by 15 feet, and an inside vestibule, 25 by 25 feet, to the great main hall, 52 by 55 feet, and 45 feet high.

The ladies' quarters occupy a wing 40 by 55 feet, facing the great court. Upon the first floor are toilet-rooms, etc., and a restaurant, 25 by 50 feet, with proper service-rooms.

Upon the second floor are two large private dining-rooms, with large ante-rooms, service, lavatories, etc.

The entire height of the building from the cellar floor to the kitchen roof will be 120 feet, the stories averaging 25 feet in height. The height from the curb to the top of the cornice will be 104 feet.

It will be known as the "King" Club.

LITTLE NELL.

A COMPLETE set of Dickens's works will be given for the best essay on Dickens's sweet heroine, Little Nell, in the "Old Curiosity Shop." All essays must be type-written, on one side of the paper only, and must not exceed one thousand words in length. The name and address of the sender must be written in the upper left-hand corner of the first page. This contest closes April 1, 1892. No essays can be returned under any circumstances.

NOTICE.—Recent subscribers who have not received the volumes of TENNYSON's poems issued prior to date of subscription, can have same in lieu of the novel or novels, according to numbers. Four volumes have already been issued.

PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS are not objects of art when leaned against the wall on a mantelpiece, or stuck undecorated behind a vase on top of a bookshelf. But the love of friendly faces is so strong that we keep before us those that are dear to us, whether we have pretty surroundings for them or not.

There is hardly one to whom a new photograph frame or mounting would not be acceptable. College friends,

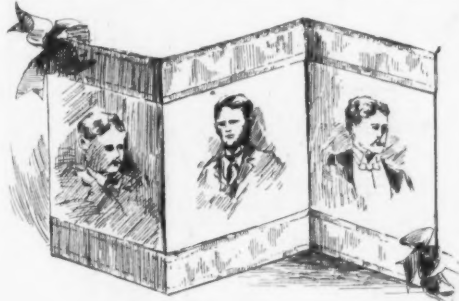


FIG. 1.

schoolgirls, with their hosts of minettes and tintypes, people who live in boarding-houses and people who live in mansions, all would welcome a tribute to a friend's face as a gift.

Among the many pretty things that may be bought are small easels of Japanese work and of Swiss carving, besides the numerous frames in plush and wood that every holiday season offers; but, for those who would rather make presents than buy them, there are several new ideas that can be carried out with little expense.

There are for sale this year certain meaningless wire structures, consisting of a series of silvery rings overlapping each other against a narrow framework. Two yards of ribbon, three inches wide, will transform this

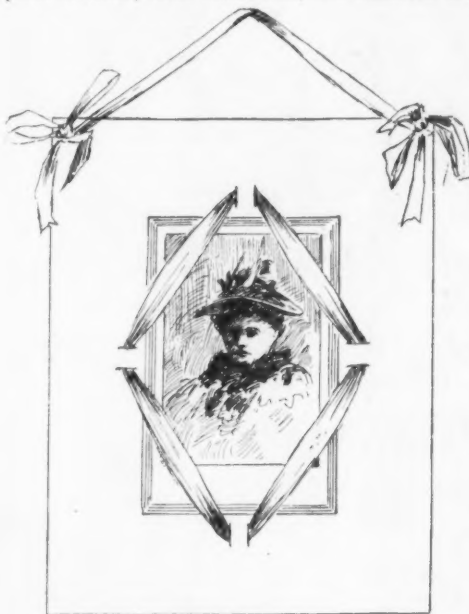


FIG. 2.

into a pretty photograph-holder; for when it has a handsome bow of ribbon at the top and bottom, and a background of the same, it will hang on the wall and form a convenient place to hold a dozen pictures.

The fancy counters of the large stores are filled with simple brass stands with a piece of plain, gilt-rimmed or beveled-edge glass in front. Any number of artistic designs may be painted in oils on the glass. It is easy work; for the clear glass may be laid on a pretty design of forget-me-nots, or partridge-berries, or buttercups, and copied through. Or, if one cannot wield a paintbrush, a few sprays of tiny ferns or pressed vines may be gummed delicately on the under side of the glass. A piece of fine maidenhair from the florist will provide one with material



FIG. 3.

for a graceful little frame. Or, to make matters even simpler, the plain glass may be bound with a piece of inch-wide ribbon with a fancy edge, and tied in a bow in the upper left-hand corner. When the photograph is laid behind it and clamped in by the brass stand, the effect is good and the photograph well-preserved.

One of the prettiest ideas of the season is a background for an imperial photograph made of half a yard of broad sash-ribbon fringed at the top and bottom. The photograph is held in place by a series of brass rings crocheted with silk of the same shade as the ribbon. These rings may be arranged in two triangles, or in small, irregular figures at each corner, in such a manner that the outlines of the face are not covered. The upper end of the sash-ribbon is drawn artistically through a ring or hung upon a banner-rod and finished with a fringe of crocheted rings and tassels.

A little screen of photographs may be made of two yards and a half of ribbon an inch wide. A piece should be taken, which, when doubled, would allow three photographs to lie side by side. Seams separating the adjacent photographs should be sewed at distances exactly equaling their width. Two such pieces must be made and slipped, one over the upper ends and the other over the lower ends, of three photographs, and the opposite corners finished with bows.—(See Fig. 1.)

A pretty thought would be to send to a friend who has a number of amateur photographs a little case to hold them. It should be square when folded and as long as a photograph. It consists simply of an oblong piece of chamois or Japanese stuff, lined with a contrasting shade of silk and finished with ribbons, to tie a bow when folded. The lower right-hand corner must be turned back to show the lining, and the whole finished with a silk cord. A few words on the outside should be painted or etched, according to the subject of the photographs, as, "The Summer of 1891," or, "Under the Henlocks." A very simple but pretty frame for minettes can be made of a piece of white or tinted cardboard, cut in a square or an oblong. Narrow ribbon is passed through four sets of double slits in such a way that it passes over the corners of the little photograph and holds it in the center of the cardboard. Ribbons are knotted at the corners and used to hang the frame up by.—(See Fig. 2.)

A glimpse of an artist's studio showed a charming suggestion for framing an ideal head. The photograph had a dark mat and a plain wooden frame, to the upper and lower edges of which were fastened slender brass rods.

Between the rods were shirred two little curtains of soft apricot silk, which were pushed aside just far enough to show the beautiful face and yet hide the edges of the frame.—(See Fig. 3.)

HELENA DEWEY LEEMING.



SENATOR DAVID BENNETT HILL, of New York, is a compact-built, restless-eyed man of middling height, with a bullet-shaped head, shiningly bald as tonsured monk's ever was, and a waxen-pale face adorned by a drooping moustache and sparse side-whiskers. In manner, he is alert and entertaining, and with a pleasant voice; is a notably bright conversationalist, being ready at repartee and precise in statement, so that he tells good stories very well. But they are all political. He indulges in none of the ordinary dissipations by which the average politician unbends his bow; in fact, he has no amusements or means of recreation. He is profoundly industrious and markedly methodical in all things. He eschews tobacco and strong drinks, and eats only to appease hunger, without partiality for particular dishes or much knowledge of what he is eating. His evenings are spent like his days—in business. Baseball is his only hobby. He dresses carefully and even tastefully; dislikes society; is fond of the theater, and has escaped matrimony. He is, in fact, a woman-bater, as Stanley was reputed to be before he became the husband of Dorothy Tennant. He is rising nine-and-forty, and his career is of his own making.

Educated in the common schools of his native town in Schuylers County, he early entered a lawyer's office, and, on coming of age, was admitted to practice. This was in 1864. From the first he fought for his own hand, and after holding various minor political positions, was, in 1882, made mayor of Elmira. In the same year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York, and when, two years



BOSTON—THE NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

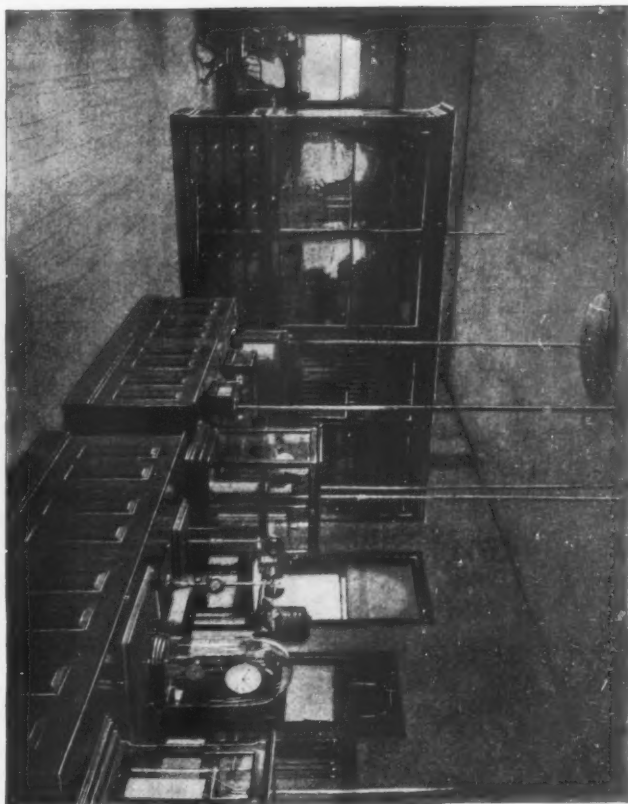
later, Governor Cleveland soared up to the Presidential Chair, he became Executive of the Empire State. He was re-elected in 1888, and, after serving seven years, was, last March, chosen to succeed Senator Evarts in the United States Senate. There were not a few who prophesied his immediate extinction upon his entry into the Upper House of Congress; but these have been confounded, for his political stature has waxed much taller since his advent in Washington. Released from the narrow limits of Albany, he has expanded into a national figure without apparent effort. For quite a decade past he has worked with untiring industry and unswerving ability to elect himself President of these United States; and, to the political observer, it looks as though this gigantic task were wellnigh accomplished. And it must be admitted that he deserves the success he has achieved, if a politician is entitled to the reward of his labors. By sheer force of statecraft he wrested the New York Legislature from the Republicans, who had come to look upon it as their peculiar property, and he is now preparing to capture the New York delegation to the National Democratic Convention by Napoleonic methods. No Democrat to-day is so hated and feared by the Republicans as he. His political opponents have made, and are still making, many charges against him. Some of them are true. But he turns them aside with an almost Parnellesque contempt. Withal, he is courageous, ambitious, dexterous and masterful—a man to be reckoned with.

BOSTON'S NEW CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

The new Chamber of Commerce of the Hub, on India street, was opened, with considerable ceremony, upon the evening of Wednesday, the 20th of January last. The style is Romanesque. The material of the outside walls is granite. Its principal corner, at the junction of India street and Central Wharf, rounded into a large circle of forty feet radius, is carried up as a large tower, topped by a lofty conical roof, surrounded by high dormer windows. The building is seven stories high; the height of the cornice-line from the sidewalk is ninety-five feet, and from the sidewalk to the extreme tip of the conical roof one hundred and seventy feet. On the first floor are three large business-rooms. The basement contains a spacious room which will be used as a restaurant. The second floor is divided into large office-rooms, and the third is detailed to the official uses of the Chamber of Commerce. The Board-room has an area of four thousand three hundred feet, is circular in form, seventy-five feet in diameter, with a dome ceiling, the apex of which is thirty-eight feet above the floor. This apartment has a paneled wainscoting of light hardwood, above which the plastering is decorated in rich tints. Over the entrance is a gallery for visitors. At the right is the speaker's desk and chair, with a sounding-board overhead. Opening from the Board-room and from the main corridor is a large reading-room. Connected with the reading-room and the corridor are the parlors, a committee-room and a waiting-room. By opening sliding-doors these rooms and the reading-rooms may be converted into one spacious apartment. The offices of the directors and secretary and the telegraph operators will occupy the rest of the floor. The architects were Shopley, Runtan & Coolidge, of Boston. The chairman of the building committee was Mr. W. O. Blaney, and the oldest living member is Mr. Otis Munroe, now in his ninety-fourth year.



NEW YORK—SCENES AT THE DESTRUCTION OF THE HOTEL ROYAL BY FIRE, SUNDAY MORNING, FEB. 7, 1892.



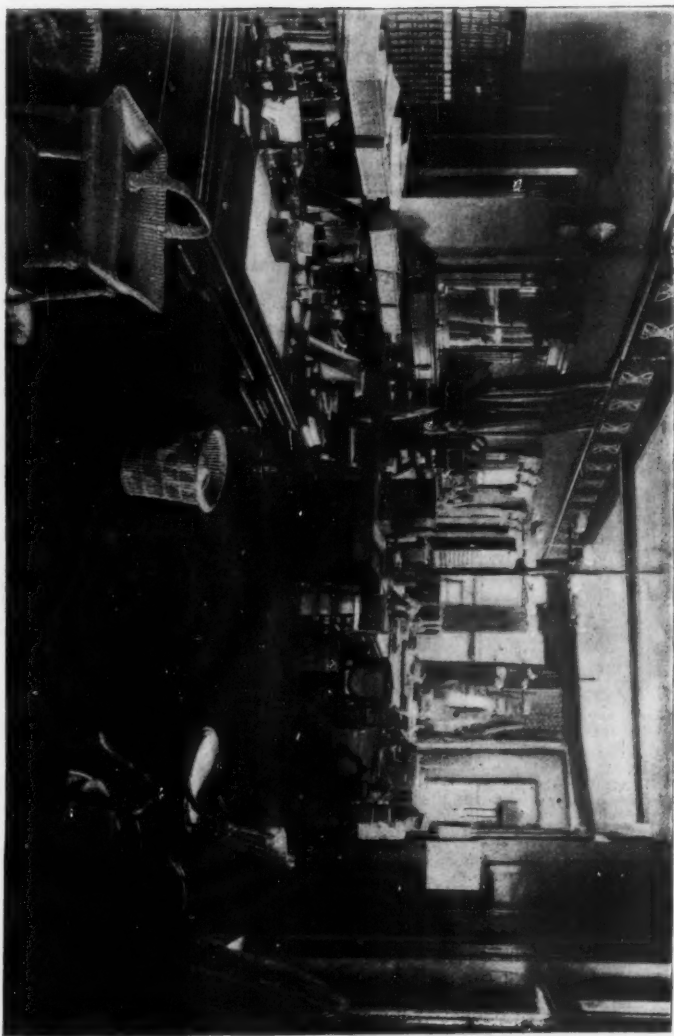
INSTRUMENT ROOM.



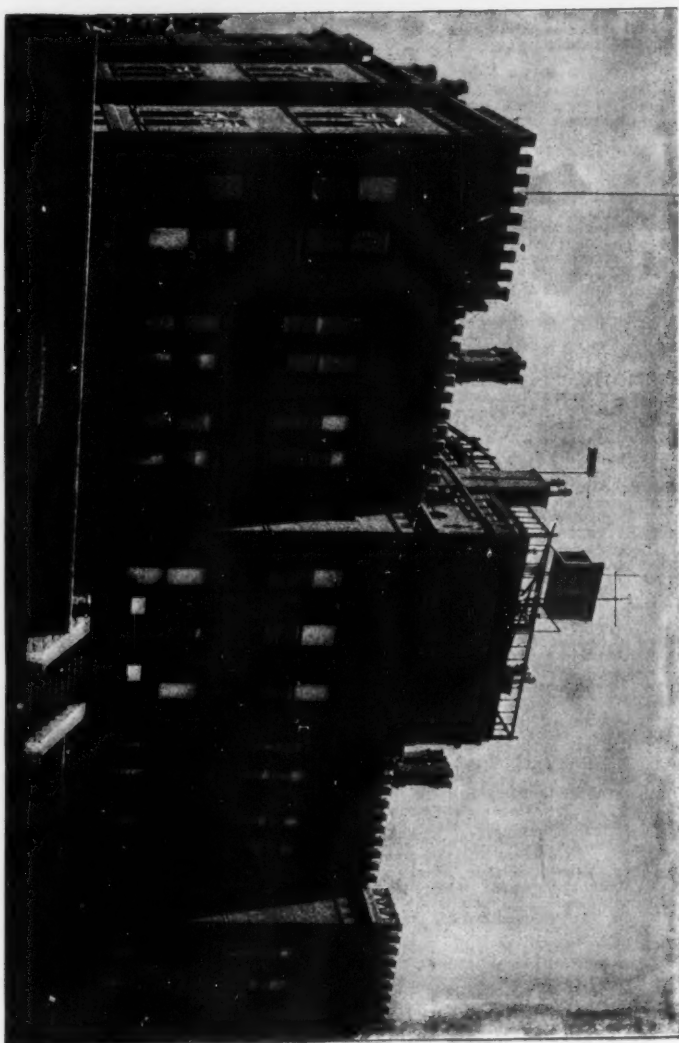
PROFESSOR MARK W. HARRINGTON,
Chief of the Weather Bureau.



FORECAST OFFICERS AT WORK.



PROFESSOR HARRINGTON'S ROOM.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—WHERE THE WEATHER IS MANUFACTURED.

THE WEATHER BUREAU, CORNER OF TWENTY-FOURTH AND M STREETS.

THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

BY ALICE MAUD MEADOWS.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BROMLEY HALL MURDER.

My wife does not think it necessary that I should write the whole of the account of the trial word for word, as it appeared in the papers, for which I am devoutly thankful, since it took more than a week. I can put it, she says, in my own words, and shorten it as much as possible.

The first account was headed, "Horrible Murder at Bromley Park," and the gist of it was this:

Mr. Gray, an old gentleman living at Bromley Hall, had gone to bed overnight in perfect health and spirits, and on terms of almost affectionate friendship with his household, consisting of a lady secretary, a lady housekeeper, a confidential manservant and two maid-servants; and upon the housekeeper going to his room upon the following morning to awaken him half an hour later than usual, on account of her having overslept herself (I made a note of that), she found him lying dead by the fire-side, stabbed in the right lung and in the region of the heart. His bed was saturated with blood, and his dead body lay in a pool of it. He had evidently been stabbed in bed, and for some reason or other had crawled from it. No one had heard a sound, and the affair was a complete mystery.

The next account was headed, "The Murder at Bromley Hall: Startling Evidence."

The evidence was, that a ring belonging to the lady secretary had been found on the floor of the old man's room, that her dressing-gown was stained with blood, that the old man's will was missing; also an Oriental dagger which he had always kept beside his bed, and with which the murder was supposed to have been committed; also a photograph, which had been kept in his room at night, and into which the lady secretary, who had an unusually beautiful voice, had been in the habit of singing, and he of reproducing the sound when unable to sleep.

The next account of any interest was before the coroner. The housekeeper gave the evidence which appeared in the first account; the confidential man and maid-servants had very little to say; the lady secretary could only deny that she had any hand in the crime. She saw how the evidence told against her, but she could not explain it away.

She had a slight headache on the night before the murder. The housekeeper advised her to go to bed, and had brought her a strong cup of tea. Directly she had taken it she had fallen into a deep sleep, and had not awakened until late in the morning. Generally she was a light sleeper. She had never left her room after she went into it overnight until the morning; she never locked her door; anyone might have entered it. She could not tell how the blood got upon her dressing-gown or the ring on the floor of the old man's room. She had put it on her dressing-table overnight.

The coroner asked her "if she meant to infer that she had been drugged; that someone else had committed the murder, and arranged the evidence against her."

She said "that was what she did mean," but when pressed to say whom she suspected she would not speak.

The coroner's jury committed her to take her trial upon the charge of wilful murder.

The trial not only brought forward the old evidence, but still more that was damaging to the lady secretary. Her diary was brought forward, and in it these entries appeared. One leaf previous to the one containing the incriminating evidence was missing. The first entry was as follows:

"Mr. Grey more kind and loving than ever to-day. Why can't things remain as they were? I can't do it; it is too unnatural. To me it seems a sin most horrible; my heart shrinks from it."

The next entry was much the same:

"The temptation is still before me. I love wealth. I cannot bear to give it up. I am sorely tempted, yet still I shrink. I am young; all my life is before me, and with wealth what a life of gladness it might be! He is old. No, no, it is no use thinking of it, the sin appalls me."

The third entry ran:

"My mind is made up. It is no sin to make our future secure. The die is cast; I cannot give up wealth—all. God knows that I have tried to do what is right; and after all the sin is not so great. My heart shrinks; the hand that holds my pen shakes, but I shall not change my mind."

This was the last entry in her diary, entered upon the night previous to the murder. My heart grew like lead. I saw in a moment how almost hopeless the case was. Had the evidence of the diary come out before the coroner, she would have been able to explain that the worlds which they took to refer to the premeditation of the murder referred to her marriage with the old man; that the sin she wrote of and shrank from was the sin of wedding one whom with her heart's best affection she did not love; but on trial a prisoner's lips are closed, and for counsel to try and explain away such damning evidence is next door to useless. Indeed, reading the three entries again and



ROUGH ON SMARTMAN.

MR. SMARTMAN—"Only a fool would send a Valentine."
MISS SHARP—"There, I said all along you sent this one!"

again, I questioned whether it would have made any difference had she been allowed to speak.

I could almost have filled in that lost page of the diary myself. Five years had evidently changed Miss Moore's disposition. Five years in a madhouse would probably change the disposition of anyone. When she had made those entries she had been an emotional, excitable girl, exaggerating the sin of marrying an old man for whom she had a sincere respect and affection, but no love; exaggerating also the fear that if she refused him he might turn her out of his house; or, perhaps, thinking that then she would have no right to stay in it.

I supplied the lost leaf of the diary in these words:

"Mr. Grey has asked me to be his wife. He says that he loves me not as a daughter, but with a man's best love. I was thunderstruck. Such an idea had never entered my head. I cannot marry him; my heart shrinks from the sin; and yet if I refuse him, I must give up my happy home, his kind affection. His heart will then turn against me; I shall lose everything, and be adrift upon the world. He has given me three days to think over it. It is impossible. The sin of marriage without love is too great."

I read the words over and over again after I had written them; then read the rest of the diary, which seemed innocent enough now. I felt sure that, as Miss Moore had said, the missing leaf would have acquitted her so far as the diary was concerned, and I wondered whether she believed the missing leaf had been abstracted.

I cut a piece of paper the size of the leaves of the diary, wrote my entry upon it, and pasted it in the book, then I went on reading the trial carefully.

Mrs. Towlinson gave her evidence, so the report said, with visible emotion and evident reluctance, especially the part which incriminated the lady secretary, saying again and again that she was certain, whatever the evidence might be, that Miss Moore had not committed the crime. It was her belief that it had been committed by some common thief, who had made his way into the house with the hope of finding valuables; that the old man had awakened, to find him in his room; that the thief had caught up the knife, killed him and escaped. She could not explain away the blood upon Miss Moore's dressing-gown, or how the ring got in the old man's room; but nothing would induce her to think the prisoner guilty. The diary read strangely, she admitted, but the missing leaf would probably, if found, have put a different complexion upon it.

The confidential man-servant had very little to tell. Mrs. Towlinson had called him directly she had found the poor, dear master murdered, and they between them had lifted him from the floor to the bed. It was then they found the ring. The master was quite dead and stiff. Miss Moore had come into the room just as they had laid him upon the bed. She had heard Mrs. Towlinson call "Murder." They noticed that she looked dazed, as though hardly awake. She turned ghastly pale when she saw the dead man, almost fainted and burst into tears. He was sure that she had had nothing to do with the murder.

The maid-servants had really nothing to tell. They had overslept themselves because Mrs. Towlinson always rang a bell when it was time for them to get up, and she had not done so until an hour later upon the morning that the murder was discovered.

Mrs. Towlinson, recalled, said that she could not explain why she had overslept herself on that particular morning; she never remembered having done so before. There may have been something in the tea, of which she had a cup when she made it for the prisoner. She put nothing in it herself. Asked if she knew anything of the missing will, she said she did not, nor of the missing photograph. She was not sure that it had gone from the room when she entered it in the morning and found her master dead; she did not notice. It was of no particular value, she thought, but a thief who did not know what it was might have thought that it was.

The confidential servant, recalled, hesitated about the photograph, seemed agitated when questioned about it and unwilling to deny that he knew something of it; but, on being pressed, swore that he did not.

That much being for the prosecution, the evidence seemed going dead against Miss Moore, and everyone wondered what the defense would be.

The next witnesses called showed that it would be a plea of insanity.

Two governesses were called from the orphanage where Miss Moore had been educated. Both said that she had been a peculiar child and girl, highly excitable, highly nervous and quick-tempered. She had been a wonderfully apt and clever scholar, more fond of her books than any girl that they had ever known. Sometimes they had thought she had too much brain. They had never thought her exactly mad, but certainly peculiar.

Two ladies who had been at school with Miss Moore at the orphanage said they had always thought her a very strange girl. She had never cared to play with or mix with the other girls; but had made pets of sparrows and mice, which she used to talk to. They had thought her proud and peculiar, never exactly mad; they had seen her very angry at times and very excited.

Mrs. Towlinson, recalled, said she thought Miss Moore sometimes rather peculiar. She was very fond of her, but had never been able to make a friend of her. She had heard that Miss Moore's father had been a stockbroker, and had shot himself while in an unsound state of mind through having had losses on the Exchange.

Two doctors gave evidence that they had examined Miss Moore, and they were of opinion that she was not answerable for her actions.

Upon this evidence the defending counsel based his speech, with the result that Miss Moore was found guilty of murder while in an unsound state of mind, and was sent to the Criminal Lunatic Asylum at Widlands for life.

I confess that upon reading the evidence I could but acknowledge that the judge, and jury, and public had every reason to believe Miss Moore guilty. There was no scrap of evidence, so far as I could see, in her favor; yet, for all that, I still retained my belief in her innocence, and I still meant to give up my life to proving her so. There were only two things which struck me in particular in reading the trial, which were clues which I thought I might follow up. The first was the reason of Mrs. Towlinson oversleeping herself upon the morning after the night of the murder, a thing which she said herself she had never done before; and the other, to find out who stole the photograph, for what reason it was stolen, and, if it was taken by the confidential servant, to find out at what time.

I did not think that either circumstance could have very great bearing upon the

case; but I decided, if possible, to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Towlinson, Mr. Croft and the maid-servants without their knowing I was in any way interested in Miss Moore or of the mission I had undertaken.

With this idea in my head I put on my hat, told my small clerk if any clients called (none ever did in those days) to say that I had gone for the day, and, taking Mr. Croft's address (he lived somewhere at Wood Green), I started off.

CHAPTER VII.

I MEET MR. CROFT AND MRS. TOWLINSON.

My wife thinks it necessary that I should write here a description of my personal appearance. I blush as I write that which can but seem the height of human conceit; but the same compelling force which induced me to pen this story is exerting itself, or herself, now. So here goes:

I am tall (I suppose, being over six feet in height, I should be called very tall); I believe I am considered good-looking—but I refuse to write any more. What man can sit down and, in cold blood, pen a description of himself? If I could do it I should sum up the whole by saying, "I am a thundering idiot." I relinquish my pen for a moment to my wife, and I pray my readers not to think badly of me.

Lal is the handsomest man in the world, and his figure is as beautiful as his face—tall and broad and strong-looking, straight as a dart and as graceful as a—well, I have never seen anything to compare with him. He is dark, and just as handsome as a man can possibly be. I don't believe there is a woman in the world who could resist him, and—

I refuse to allow my wife to write a line more, and though she rules me—God bless her—I can be firm, also. Women always want to spoil a story by telling the end before it is half over; and in another moment she would have left the properly enthralling subject, to her, of my personal appearance, and would have told you things quite out of their order.

She has given you her opinion of my personal appearance. I do not know whether it is true. If it is, I trust my readers will be honest enough to acknowledge that it is not my fault. I knocked a schoolmate down once for calling me "Beauty Dickenson." I could not well do more.

I was bitterly cold when I started for Wood Green, the snow was falling fast, and I had no fixed idea in my head as to what I was going to do. I believed I was going to the wilds of the country, where handsome cabs dwelt not, nor omnibuses ran, and I did not feel over-cheerful. However, I had set myself a task. The more I thought of Miss Moore the more I loved her, the more certain I felt that she was innocent, and the more indignant at the cruel fate which had shut her away from the world and stamped her with the name of a mad murderess.

I got chilled to the marrow of my bones in the train, and it was not until I alighted that I remembered that I had taken nothing to eat since breakfast. A cold north wind was blowing, the snow was still falling fast and lying thick upon the ground, dusk was creeping over the earth, and I felt anything but comfortable. However, I asked the way to The Grange, as the house was called, and a gentleman who was going that way offered to show me.

"You know Mr. Croft, of course?" he said.

I confessed that I did not. "Then I am afraid, my dear sir, that you will not see him," he said; "as you probably know, he lives the life of a hermit, and won't see anyone."

"Has he any reason for doing so?" I asked. "I know nothing about him; I simply want to see him on business."

"Ah! that I cannot tell," he answered. "You remember the Bromley Hall murder? He was the murdered man's confidential servant. After the trial was over he took The Grange; has lived there ever since, and never once been out of the house. He has, I believe, a sister living with him. She does his housekeeping, shopping, and so on, but no one else ever sees the old man. He has lived a hermit's life for five years."

(Continued on page 15.)

RHEUMATISM

neuralgia,
and sciatica
can always be
successfully treated
with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

A cure
is sure to follow
the persistent
use of this
medicine.

Has Cured Others
will cure you.

ABOUT THE PILOT SERVICE.

BY M. CROFTON.
(Concluded.)

THE present lightship has only been in position a few months, and is about two and one-half miles nearer the Long Island beach than the old one. The pilots are about to appeal to the Lighthouse Board requesting her return to her former location at the entrance to the harbor, claiming that her present position cuts off about one-third of the chances of safety which formerly existed. She now lies in the direct line for the channel, and is all right for large transatlantic steamships; but a sailing vessel, coming up in a fog, might pass the lightship and come dangerously near to the Long Island beach before she would discover her error.

Believe me, it is no easy matter to take a big steamer across the bar and up the Bay into New York Harbor, for there are places where the channel is so narrow that two vessels could not pass in safety, and where, at the knolls, the bottom was not two feet below her keel.

To the north and west of the Sandy Hook Lightship, about six miles distant, are two tall, brown light-towers, connected by a dwelling-house of the same color. These are the Highland Lights. They occupy a small plateau on the easternmost spur of the Highlands of Navesink. The lanterns are two hundred and forty-eight feet above the sea-level; and show fixed, white lights, visible twenty-two miles.

Three miles from the Sandy Hook Lightship, bearing W. N. W. 8 by 8 W., is the Scotland Lightship, which, at night, shows two fixed, white lights. It was originally put out to mark the wreck of the ship *Scotland*, so that incoming vessels would not run into it. When the wreck was removed and the lightship taken away, a vigorous protest went up from merchant-captains engaged in the Southern trade. They had found it most useful in making the South Channel when they ran up from the south, and, having got used to it, could not get along without it; so the Government ordered it back again. To this day, on the sides of the lightship, are painted the words, "Wreck of the *Scotland*." The Scotland Lightship is, to a vessel approaching from the eastward, nearly midway between the Highland Lights and Sandy Hook Beacon, which marks the southern point of entrance to the Bay. Sandy Hook Lightship is five-eighths of a mile south of the Beacon. They both show fixed, white lights.

The entrance to New York Bay is between Norton's Point on Coney Island and Sandy Hook Point. It is nearly six miles wide. A bar reaches from Sandy Hook to Coney Island. Several buoyed channels lead over the bar, dividing it into banks and knolls. The three seaward approaches are False Hook Channel, South Channel and Gedney's Channel. The two leading from them to the Lower Bay are Main Channel and Swash Channel. To the northward of these channels are the East and Fourteen-Foot Channels, safe for light-draught vessels, but very little used. Coasting vessels from the southward nearly always take the South and Swash Channels, steering nearly a straight course into the Lower Bay.

A well-buoyed harbor is the delight of a mariner, and few harbors are better buoyed than New York Harbor is now. Indeed, anyone who could tell a buoy from a sea gull ought to be able to navigate the channel leading to the Narrows.

The course of a steamship entering the Bay through Gedney's and the Main Channels bears from Sandy Hook Lightship N. W. 3-8 N., for four and a half miles, until up with the entrance-buoy, a first-class nun (painted in black-and-white perpendicular stripes) with perch and ball. A mammoth whistling-buoy, painted in like manner, will have been passed close to in this course from the lightship. The channel is marked by two rows of buoys, and at night incandescent lamps are placed on spar-buoys alongside the day-marks. White lights mark the starboard buoys and red the port, on entering.

The maintaining of these electric light buoys which now make Gedney's Channel like a well-illuminated street to come up at night is a matter of considerable expense, ingenuity and trouble. The electric buoys are connected by cable with an electric plant on Sandy Hook, where a great dynamo grinds out electricity all night to keep them burning. A constant watch is kept on them from the electric station on the Hook, and as soon as one goes out the news is telegraphed to the lighthouse station at Tompkinsville. Then off goes the tender with new lamps and all the equipment for repairing the cable, should a break in that be the cause of the trouble.

If the trouble is with the lamp, men go off to the defective buoy in a small boat, and an electrician shines up the dipping, tossing spar, and puts a new lamp in place of the old one. In pleasant weather in summer this feat is not so difficult to accomplish, but the lights must burn in winter and in storms as well as in calm and in summer.

It is not an uncommon sight to see an electrician in oilskins, on a stormy day in winter, astride one of these Gedney Channel buoys trying to adjust a new lamp, or to find out what is the matter with the old one, when every other wave buries him almost to the neck in swirling, ice-cold water.

From the entrance-buoy the pilot steers W. N. W. 7-8 W. for the inner mid-channel buoy. When Bayside and Wilson's Beacons are in range, he steers W. S. W. 7-8 W. through the main channel for nearly three miles, keeping the range until West Beacon is open to the northward of Sandy Hook Lightship. Then the course is shaped N. W. 5-8 W. for nearly one mile, until past the western end of Southwest Spit, and Conover and Chapel Hill Beacons come in range. Now he steers north by east, keeping the range, which will lead safely up the channel, and between East and West Banks, and past the Romer Shoal, which is a constant menace, both to coasters for Dominion ports as well as to European steamers. The most dangerous part

of it is that it is constantly shifting its location, which makes it as dangerous to ships as ever uncharted rock, heaved up by volcanic action from hitherto presumably fathomless depths of old ocean. It was here that the *City of New York* went ashore last year. There is the ribless keel of a vessel on it now, and there are records of hundreds of disasters to vessels on its outlying reefs, for at high tide it is completely covered, while the number of vessels that have foundered on it will never be known until "Davy Jones" gives up the contents of his locker. In fact, to say "ashore at Romer Shoal," is as good as to say a "total wreck." There is hardly one chance in a hundred that the luckless ship which strikes here will live.

This course is continued past Dix and Hoffman Islands until Fort Tompkin's Lighthouse bears N. W. by N., then through the Narrows and north by west directly for Robbin's Reef Lighthouse until abreast of Tompkinsville, and so on to the city. This may all seem very complicated to the landsman, but to the pilot it is plain sailing, and it is very rare indeed that a pilot ever loses his bearings; but, if you were to remove these buoys and put out the lights, not a ship in the world could find her way into New York Harbor, unless by accident.

M. CROFTON.

THE FIRST BABY.



HERE is no other event in life that creates the same excitement that is caused by the first baby, especially if it is a boy. Even if it is a girl, the parents will tell you that they wanted a girl, and then go on to state that girls are so much more easily raised than boys, and that they do not cause half so much anxiety in the parental mind. A girl, they inform you, will play contentedly on the stoop with a cheap doll, while the boy is not perfectly happy unless sliding down a wellchain or playing marbles on a railroad track. And, then, she becomes such a more pleasant companion while growing than does a boy, and she is a much greater help than is a boy, etc. There are many other ways in which the parents of the first baby, which is a girl, thank their stars that it is not a boy, and feel just as well satisfied, to all appearances, as do the parents of a boy.

To look at him lying in his crib, munching a rubber ring and laughing with satisfaction, he seems altogether too innocent to warrant the suspicion that in a few years he will almost ruin three or four outfits a day by falling into mudholes and sliding madly down cellar-doors, in each of which—

To make him weep and wail
In all his boyish pride,
There is a rusty nail
To catch him on the slide.

Just the same, he will do all this, although he is now the joy of the household, as well as the head of the house. He sits in a highchair and does as he pleases at the table, drumming on the plate, upsetting glasses of water and doing many other things that make his mother think him about the cutest child in the world. The great trouble is that he sleeps all day and keeps awake all night. During the sunny day, when all hands are wide awake to care for him, he sleeps like a policeman; but when the night is gemmed with stars, and the moon pours her silvery glory on the holy hush, and the wind is dreaming in the deep-green tree—then, oh! then,

When the cat is caterwauling,
And the dog begins to bark,
Then the infant starts his squalling
And the father jumps, to bark
Both his shins against the table,
While the baby madly cries
Just as hard as he is able,
While the father simply flies,
Skipping like a wild grasshopper
When the storm begins to blow—
Which is eminently proper
And consistent with his woe.

When the arrival of the baby has been duly announced, and every old woman in the vicinity has told the mother just what should be done in every emergency, no two of which pieces of advice are at all alike, then the presents begin to pour in, the baby generally getting at least eighteen or twenty knit sacks that are either too large or too small. When a caller is being entertained in the evening and the nurse is enjoying an evening of relaxation, the baby is restless and impatient, and squalls so hard that, from the tones, the young and inexperienced mother cannot, for the life of her, tell whether they are generated by a pin or a pain. In fact, the baby never tires of squalling, and it squalls so much, so loud and so frequently that if, by any chance, it happens to smile or keep still, the mother naturally supposes the child is sick, and consults the nurse relative to sending for a doctor.

When the baby is sufficiently advanced in months to roll out of bed and come down with all his weight on the floor, he is generally large enough to creep toward the stairs, probably with a view to falling or rolling down the same. Only the young mother is frightened when the baby falls downstairs, or out of a window, or into a well. A mother of experience knows that a baby always comes out of such an adventure smiling and unscathed. The baby is quite as far out of danger swallowing lath nails as it is while playing with the razor that the father has left upon the bureau in his hurry to get to the station in time for the 9:30 train which was an hour late. It is pleasant to watch the baby creeping backwards in its great anxiety to make headway. But it is no pleasanter than watching the baby travel about the room while holding on to the chairs with both fat, dimpled hands. After awhile he can travel about the room while holding on to the chairs and piano with one hand while he disfigures

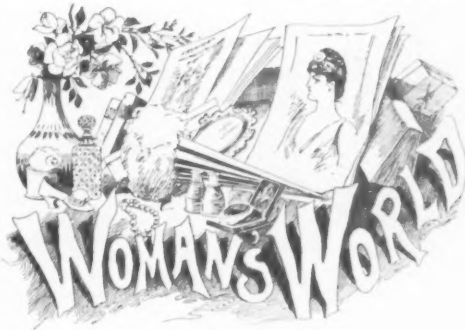
and maims the piano with the hatchet held in the other. After a short time he can walk up and downstairs and sleep a night through without making

The nurse arise and frolic
Like a tigress in her lair,
With a light to find the best
Sort of stuff that's in the chest,
Quick to put a goodly pair
Of winglets on his colic.

If the baby looks like the father, the mother is not sorry to hear it a hundred times a day. And if the child looks like the mother, still will the mother believe the person who pronounces the child the image of his father, and adds that it looks like the paternal ancestor photographed down. When she isn't washing the baby, or dressing it, or curling its hair, she is having its picture taken. A woman would almost as soon have the baby's picture taken as to look upon a shop-window full of Paris bonnets. She has the baby taken, dressed and undressed, and she has it taken cocking a pistol, sitting on the dog's back or fondling a cat, which the photographer keeps for that purpose just as he keeps cornets, muskets, accordions, that he may be able to cater to the whims of his various customers. The first baby is a tyrant. He rules the house, and demands lumps of sugar in the nursery with the same air that he demands candy on the train when a number of people are looking and his mother cannot refuse him. The first baby is all over the house at once. His presence is felt from the garret to the cellar. He is the house itself and all the home circle, and can boss everyone but the cook.

It is always a joy,
Though girl or a boy.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.



KNITTING FOR OLD EYES.

IN the evening of life, when growing infirmities tell us that there is a "strike" amongst our faculties, a few words on alleviations may not be unwelcome to those who have seen the proverbial "three-score years and ten."

Sometimes it is our limbs that show the first signs of rebellion, and refuse to move at our bidding. Sometimes it is our hearing that waxes dull, and we feel that we are a bore to our friends, and an annoyance to ourselves. But worse, far worse, than it all is, when sight, precious sight, begins to fail us, and we realize by constant little symptoms that our eyes are not what they were. We fancy the lamps are too low or the gas not so good as it ought to be, and the book we wished to read must be laid aside, because somehow the print is so small it tries our eyes.



The Enniskillen.

The Fontainebleau.

These are all "flattering unctions." Be brave and meet the truth at once. Our sight is failing, and we must now look for amusement and occupation in some work which will meet our requirements. All our lives we have been knitters. Our fingers are still nimble, and with placid thankfulness we say to ourselves and our friends, "We have at least our dear pins to fall back upon."

Yes; but not the pins we used of yore. The days of Shetland wool and No. 17 wires are gone forever. We must come now to bone pins, or nice long pins of polished

wood, and our numbers must range between Nos. 3 and 7. With these numbers we can make delightful shawls, cross-overs, and night-socks, all a boon to the poor; also knee-caps, which I have found highly appreciated.

To those who have not been accustomed to work for the poor I recommend the shawls, for they are invaluable as a wrap, either for ourselves or for the babies of the family. For the latter, you would of course use white wool, but for a present, pale gray or a very light tan work out into a delightful shawl. In fact, it depends greatly on taste. For a young girl, on the river or in the garden, pale blue and pale pink might be selected, but I will begin with a white shawl and beg you to take two long bone



LONG SHAWL CAPE, made of finest and softest all-wool shawl; 45-in. long. Hoods lined shot silk and finished with fringe. All colors. A remarkably useful and stylish garment.

of wool just knotted into the fringe of the border, each strand to be six inches in length. GRANDMOTHER.

ORIGIN OF THE CORSET, OR STAYS.

TERENCE, the Roman dramatist (born 195 B.C.), makes one of his characters—speaking of ladies—say that “they saddle their backs and straitlace their waists to make them well shaped.” While other writers of the same period tell us that Roman women, whether married or unmarried, used wide girdles of stiff stuff, under which was a tight bandage fastened at the shoulder. This was, however, in-



BEN POCKET—Long pouch in two colors of satin corresponding with the bed hangings, and adorned with bands of Madeira work. It is suspended in a peculiar fashion, with a rosette to match.

tended to support the bust and not to compress the waist. In the British Museum is an MS. of the time of Edward the Confessor, adorned by a picture of the Fiend of fashion, and this picture wears an unmistakable corset, tightly laced and stiffened by two busks in front, just like the garment worn by Swiss peasants at the present day. In the ancient writings, too, a slender waist is spoken of as a sign of beauty. Even Chaucer speaks admiringly of a woman with a waist like a weasel.

Now, however, we come to more sensible times. In the fourteenth century, Joseph, Emperor of Austria, a noted autocrat, passed a law forbidding the use of the corset in all the nunneries and places where girls were educated.



MIRROR FRAME IN SPONGIO-LIGNINE—A new material for artistic fancy-work has been introduced under the name of Spongio-Lignine. It resembles soft, brown wash-leather in texture, and is prepared from a large fungus which grows in the Toley Tree Woods on the tablelands of the Carpathian Mountains. Spongio-Lignine has hitherto been used for surgical purposes, such as stopping bleeding, dressing wounds, etc. Its adaptation to decorative purposes is a most happy idea, as no better material could be found for the ornamentation of brackets, baskets, picture-frames, hand-screens, etc., in the manner shown in our illustration; while for applique work on plush, cloth, felt, etc., it will be found invaluable. Spongio-Lignine can, with sharp scissors, be easily cut to any shape required, joined with needle and thread or gum, and the surface veined with gold, silver or colors.

He also called in the Church to help him, and to excommunicate all those who wore the accursed garment. The College of Physicians, startled into activity by the imperial anxiety, produced numberless learned dissertations on the evils of wearing corsets, and distributed them broadcast through the land.

Catherine de Medicis was of quite an opposite way of thinking, and to her a broad waist was an abomination, and it is said that during her reign waists were about thirteen inches in circumference. As well as introducing the artistic and becoming Medicis collar, which we all know so well, she also invented a corset herself, which at first

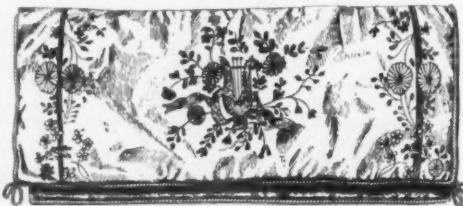


FIG. 1. SACHET, DESIGNED BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

glance might be taken for an instrument of torture of the holy inquisition. It is made of steel as strong as armor, cut into open-work pattern, over which velvet was sewn. It had two parts like a warrior's back and breastplate, on two hinges, and fastened at the other side with a pin like an ordinary box. At the front and back were two bars of steel, from which the dress hung. Considering this, there is wonder that our ancestresses looked stiff and uncomfortable. Whalebone stays were first used in the time of Elizabeth. James I. was so pleased with them that he ordered all his courtiers, male and female, to wear them.

The corset has never been absent from female attire since the time of Elizabeth, in spite of all the dress reformers. AMBROSE CARPENTIER, M.D., L.R.C.P.

PINK and blue are the proper colors for weddings for bride and bridesmaids.

Ladies who do not care to wear white, and yet wish to come within hailing distance of the prevailing color, are wearing silk gowns of some pale shade shot with white.

Undressed kid gloves may be cleansed by washing them in naphtha. Wash on the hands and hang them out in the air to dry.



FIG. 2. CUSHION, DESIGNED BY THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

FIGURES 1 AND 2—No. 1 is a sachet carried out in ribbon-work of various colors on satin; the other, No. 2, a cushion worked on linen with colored flax, and trimmed with lace.

The Woman's Liberal Society of England, headed by Mrs. Gladstone, has a membership of about one hundred thousand, and the Primrose League is even larger. The women in England take a keen and active interest in politics.

Miss Kate Miner, one of the vice-presidents of the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exhibition, is a successful sugar-planter. With her brother, she manages the affairs of a plantation of five thousand acres. She is planning to exhibit an Arcadian settlement and a Creole kitchen at the Fair.

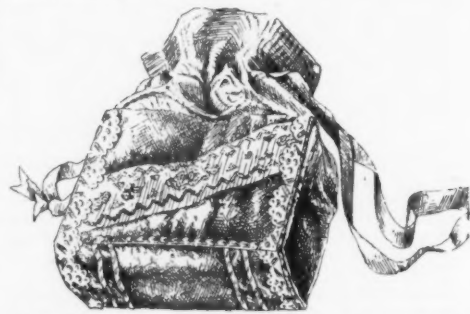
Millicent Garrett Fawcett says: “We want women's special knowledge of the home and home wants, of child life and of the conditions conducive to the formation of character to be brought to bear on legislation. By giving women greater freedom we believe that the true womanly qualities in them will grow in strength and power. Where women are practically the slaves of men they have the defects of slaves.”

The very latest conceit in hair-dressing is to wear a single, old-fashioned signet ring as a coiffure ornament. A coil of hair is passed through the circle, holding it firmly in any desired position.

Lady Henry Somerset is the owner of two licensed public houses.

The old fashioned poke front, a pretty generally becoming shape, is coming in again.

Marie Rose says that singers should abstain from pastry, pickles and potatoes.



NOVEL BAG—It affects the shape of a book, to be conveniently carried about or laid flat on the table, without fear of crushing its contents. Plush, antique brocades and embroideries, together with gold galons, fancy gimps and cords, are all employed in the concoction of this handy device, which is finished off with a bag in shot silk and drawn satin ribbons.

A “Colonial Dame” makes a vigorous appeal through a Philadelphia paper for “higher education for men who spit.” She says that men are degenerating in manners and refinement, and that disgusting expectoration is everywhere prevalent.

Very elaborate are the newest buttons. Ivory and pearl, set with silver and with wrought designs in old gold applied, tortoise-shell with Japanese effects and exquisite cut jet are some of the materials employed.

William Lloyd Garrison recently told the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association that he hoped that his children might live to see a woman president of Harvard College.

Red gloves are the “correct thing” at present.

Native Christian women in China have formed a society to discourage the custom of compressing the feet at childhood.

The first woman candidate to pass the Alabama State medical examination is Mrs. H. T. Dillon, a colored woman.

To prevent new gingham from fading let them lie for several hours in water in which has been dissolved a goodly quantity of salt. Put the dress in while it is hot, and after several hours wring it out; dry and wash it out as usual.

Crete, Neb., has a young ladies' cornet band, which is said to be about the equal of “any male brass band in the State.”

Miss Ada M. Crawford, forewoman of the directory publishing firm of How, in Philadelphia, holds the world's championship for rapidity in addressing, sealing and stamping envelopes. She can stamp three thousand letters an hour and moistens each stamp with her tongue. Using a sponge she can only stamp two thousand an hour.

LEAP YEAR.

HOW A LADY SHOULD PROPOSE!

ANOTHER CONTEST.

A FIRST, second and third prize, consisting of a set of Chambers's Encyclopedia, a set of George Eliot and a set of Dickens, will be given, respectively, for the three best answers to the following: “The Most Delicate yet Effective Way for a Lady to Propose to a Gentleman.”

The rules regulating the other contests apply to this one. Envelope should be addressed: “Proposal,” Editor ONCE A WEEK, 533 West Thirteenth street, New York, on or before March 15th next.



Brooch.



The “Paragon,” French Felt Hat, in Black, Brown and Navy, trimmed in front.



Half-Moon Brooch.



CONGRESSMAN HOOKER, MISSISSIPPI.



CONGRESSMAN HOPKINS, ILLINOIS.

THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—PORTRAITS OF CONGRESSMEN.

This gallery of wood-engraved portraits will continue until every member of the House of Representatives shall have been presented to the public. This gallery commenced in No. 1, Vol. VI.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
PORTRAITS OF CONGRESSMEN.

CONGRESSMAN CHARLES E. HOOKER, of the Seventh Mississippi District, which comprises the counties of Claiborne, Copiah, Franklin, Hinds, Jefferson, Lincoln, Madison, Rankin and Simpson, was born in Union District, South Carolina; graduated at Cambridge Law School; removed to Jackson, Miss., and entered upon the practice of his profession; was elected district-attorney of the River District in 1850; was elected to the Mississippi Legislature in 1859, and resigned his seat to enter the Confederate Army; was wounded during the siege of Vicksburg; promoted to the rank of colonel of cavalry, and assigned to duty on the military court attached to General Polk's command; was elected Attorney General of the State of Mississippi in 1865, and re-elected in 1868, and, in common with the other civil officers of the State, was removed by the military authorities; was elected to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses, and was re-elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Democrat. He resides at Jackson.

CONGRESSMAN ALBERT J. HOPKINS, of the Eighth Illinois District, comprising the counties of Boone, De Kalb, Kane, Lake and McHenry; was born in De Kalb County, Illinois, August 15, 1846; graduated at Hillsdale College, Michigan, in June, 1870; studied law and commenced practice at Aurora, Ill.; was State's Attorney of Kane County from 1872 to 1876; was a member of the Republican State Central Committee from 1878 to 1880; was Presidential Elector on the Blaine and Logan ticket in 1884; was elected to the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses, and was re-elected to the Fifty-second Congress as a Republican, receiving 20,077 votes, against 10,018 votes for Harrington, the Democratic candidate. He resides at Aurora.

THE WEATHER BUREAU.

BY MAX WAGNER, OF WEATHER BUREAU.

THE average American knows very little about the weather, and less about the Bureau that—as he supposes—attempts to control it. The "forecasts" now rendered by the Weather Bureau are much superior to the first "probabilities" turned out by the Signal Service and are greatly relied on by most commercial interests, but the weather man is seldom consulted by the general public. Perhaps, when arranging a picnic or starting on a journey, that official is remembered, but woe betide him if his prediction is wrong. Your ordinary citizen never forgets it, and any number of correct predictions that he may afterward make fail to eradicate the idea that the Weather Bureau is not so much of an improvement over the goose-bone and ground-hog of our forefather after all.

Happily this state of affairs is fast disappearing. The work begun by the Signal Corps, under General Myer, in 1870, and successively improved on by Generals Hazen and Greeley, is now, under the Agricultural Department's and Professor Harrington's management, being pushed to a wellnigh perfect state.

Beginning with crude instruments and little knowledge other than that of Franklin's law, that "storms move from west to east," in twenty years the American weather service has been developed to such a perfect state that, not only are reliable predictions made for the United States, but for Western Europe as well. The report that is daily cabled from the Washington Bureau to the Paris Observatory, and from there sent to other bureaus that were established years before our own, gives nearly a week's warning of the weather that they may expect, and is generally consulted by the shipping leaving European ports. In the brief period that has elapsed since its transfer to the

Department of Agriculture many improvements in the weather service have been outlined and begun. Publicity is now the order of the day. Forecasts will not only appear in every daily paper, but they will be signaled from every convenient flagstaff and whistled from every mill and factory. Daily weather maps, which, until recently, could be seen only in the large cities are now being posted in every available post-office in the land, and it is the intention of the present chief to develop this part of the service until every schoolhouse will have its weather map. With the why and wherefore of "probabilities" taught in the primaries, meteorology will become an every-day science, and every man will be his own weather prophet.

The Central Office of the Weather Bureau is located at Washington, in a castle-like structure at the corner of Twenty-fourth and M streets. Passing over the handsomely-terraced lawn and entering at the M street door, the visitor finds himself in a spacious hall, frescoed in quaint, Aztec designs. The decorations throughout the building seem very odd and luxurious for a public building until you understand that the structure was built with a view to its being sold to the Mexican Legation. This plan fell through, however, and the building was bought for the Weather Bureau. Climbing the broad staircase and passing through the chief clerk's room, you enter Professor Harrington's room.

Professor Mark W. Harrington, the new chief of the Weather Bureau, is a scholarly-looking man of forty-three, very courteous and approachable to all, and already very popular with the men around him. Born in Illinois and educated at Michigan, he has successively been a professor in the university of the latter State, a member of the Coast Survey, professor of astronomy at the school of the Chinese "Foreign Office," at the head of the astronomical observatory at the University of Michigan, and, since 1884, editor of the *American Meteorological Journal*.

A conspicuous member of many learned societies, Professor Harrington is not only a scholar, but a practical one, as well. The improvements already made in the service he is at the head of amply prove this. Professor Harrington can still wear the same size hat that he did at Ann Arbor.

If your visit to the Bureau is before ten o'clock some winter morning, you will be able to witness the *modus operandi* of prediction-making in a scene like this:

Leaving Professor Harrington's room, you are led by the confused clicking of many telegraph instruments to the operating-room on the floor below. This is probably the handsomest and most complete telegraph-room in the world. Twice each day, at 8 A.M. and 8 P.M., this room is but a few seconds distant from over one hundred and seventy stations, located in every State and Territory in the United States, in Canada and in the West Indies. From over the wires that spread out like a spider's web in every direction, come flashing brief cipher messages that give the weather conditions of the North American Continent. The barometer reading, minimum temperature during the night, current temperature, dew-point, relative humidity, quantity and movement of clouds, direction and velocity of wind, amount and kind of precipitation, state of weather, and other information of minor importance of each station, is embraced in a brief dispatch of from four to twelve words.

As the messages are taken down by the operators on their type-writers, they are carried to the translator in the forecast-room adjoining. To this official the thousands of words and combinations that compose the cipher are plainest English. He rattles off the instrument readings and weather conditions at the various stations as glibly as an auctioneer cries his wares—and with as much oratorical effect. To the clerks grouped about him, however, his words are full of import. Especially so this morning.

One jots down the barometer reading at each station on the chart before him as the translator calls it off. Another the rainfall. Still another notes the rise and fall of the rivers, and so on through the various meteorological conditions of the country. In an exceedingly brief time the climatic conditions of the continent an hour before are all charted down.

The forecast officer, who, at the time of our visit, was Major H. H. C. Dunwoody—an officer prominently identified with the development of the Weather Bureau—has been carefully scrutinizing the various maps as they have been completed, and now he brings all his meteorological lore into play.

The barometer chart, upon which the isobars (lines passing through points of equal pressure and drawn for every tenth of an inch) have been drawn, shows the "low," that last night was developing in the lower Mississippi Valley, is coming northeast, a full-fledged cyclone, at a five-hundred-miles-a-day gait. A warm wave and heavy rainfall precede the storm, and, as the gradient is very steep, this means high winds in front of the cyclone, and, perhaps, tornadoes in its southeastern quadrant. Orders to "hoist storm signals" are sent to the Lake and New England Coast stations. The reports just received from these stations indicate nothing of the approaching storm; but wise skippers, when they see the yellow-and-red flags floating lazily in the gentle breeze, will think twice before weighing anchor. Even though the winds are gentle and the skies now serene, a dangerous storm will be upon them within twenty-four hours.

The Ohio River is already high, and rain now falling in the vast valley that it drains will make it dangerously so. A different warning goes speeding to the towns that dot its lower course. "Look out for a flood."

If there is danger in the front and center of this storm, there is ruin in its rear. The "low" now coming eastward is being followed by a "high" that is just crossing the forty-ninth parallel. The cyclone has swept eastward a vast amount of warm air, and the intensely cold, blizzard-breeding atmosphere of Manitoba is rushing down to supply its place. This vast wave will spread out hundreds of miles, from Texas to Florida, from Lake to Gulf, until nearly a whole continent will be wrapped in its icy embrace. A timely notice of its approach may save many lives and thousands of dollars' worth of property. Still other warnings go flashing away. This time they read, "Look out for a cold wave."

The forecast officer is a busy man to-day. Constant watch must be kept of the storm's movement. The 8 P.M. reports to-night may be too late to be of use, so special reports are called for and received all day long from stations lying in the track of the advancing cyclone.

This, in brief, is the way weather predictions are made. While the service now rendered is generally satisfactory, it is being constantly improved, and something like perfection will yet be obtained.

The great obstacle now in the way of a perfect weather service is not having at the Central Office a constant knowledge of the meteorological conditions throughout the country. At most stations an observer can now, with the aid of self-registering instruments (which are fast replacing the barometers, thermometers, wind, rain and other gauges used in the past), determine at a glance the weather outdoors by merely consulting the registers in his office. Who knows but that in the near future these registers may all be located in one immense room at the Central Office, and electrically connected with instruments scattered all over the continent? It would then be as easy for the forecast officer to note the origin and progress of a storm as it is for a train-dispatcher to keep track of a train.

We would then have a perfect Weather Bureau.—(See page 9.)

SATISFIED.

An answer to "Wistful."

BY F.

DEAR, it was hard to stand
With thy dear life so far apart,
And yet so near—so very near thine heart;
But now, with loving touch, thine hand
With all its wealth of love I take—
Blest token of thy dear love's sake.

And now my eyes can drink their fill
Of love's sweet joy in thy dear face,
And ne'er again must I yield place
To others, dear, 'tis thy sweet will;
And now that I can see thee smile,
My heart does sing for joy the while.

Dear, it is good to know,
That midst the tumult and the strife—
The saddest seasons of thy life—
I have the power, the right, to show
My heart's best love, to live for thee
And fill thy life with melody.

I have the right before the rest,
My own, my sweet, to weep with thee;
The right, amidst life's raging sea,
To fold thee sweetly to my breast;
With joy I share thy hopes—thy fears
Are mine through all the coming years.

Sweet, it is blest to feel
That bliss may meet thee full and fair,
And I can have an equal share;
That thy bright future may reveal
Full many a joy and blessing true,
And I shall share them all with you.

Dear, it is good, and God doth know
How every heart-throb is for thee;
My life is full; thy love for me—
It is enough—I can but show
That ne'er again, for thy love's sake,
My eyes may weep, my heart may ache.

ANECDOTES.

In Cooperstown they tell a story of an English joker who once visited Fenimore Cooper. Cooper was then the most eminent man in the little town. One day, while Mr. Cooper was dining with the Englishman, he poured out some native wine—wine from grapes raised in his own garden. Taking up a glass, and looking through it with pride, Cooper remarked, "Now, Mr. Stebbings, I call this good, honest wine." "Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you. It is honest wine—poor, but honest."

It is not generally known that John Bright's powers of sarcasm were almost unrivaled. Some of his sharpest utterances have been against members of the nobility. When boasts had been made of the antiquity of a prominent family, that their ancestors came over with the Conqueror, his reply was prompt, "I never heard that they did anything else." A noble lord once said, on the occasion of Mr. Bright's illness, that Providence was punishing him for misuse of talents by inflicting a disease of the brain. The following was Mr. Bright's sarcastic rejoinder when he resumed his seat: "It may be so; but in any case it will be some consolation to the friends and family of the noble lord to know that the disease is one which even Providence could not inflict upon him."

THACKERAY was not a humorist in the sense that Dickens was, nor a wit in the sense that Jerrold was, but he now and then said a good thing in a quiet way. He was pestered on one occasion, while in America, by a young gentleman of an inquiring turn of mind as to what was thought of this person and that person in England. "Mr. Thackeray," he asked, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the reply.

NAPOLEON was one day searching for a book in the library at Malmaison, and at last discovered it on a shelf somewhat above his reach. Marshal Moncey, who was present—one of the tallest men in the army—stepped forward, saying, "Permit me, sire, I am higher than Your Majesty." "You are longer, Marshal," said the Emperor, with a frown.

A SHORT time since a little commercial traveler chanced to get into the same railway carriage in which the Dukes of Argyle and Northumberland were traveling. The three chatted familiarly until the train stopped at Alnwick Junction, where the Duke of Northumberland got out, and was met by a train of flunkies and servants. "That must be a great swell," said the "commercial" to his remaining companion. "Yes," responded the Duke of Argyle, "he is the Duke of Northumberland." "Bless

my soul!" exclaimed the "commercial." "And to think that he should have been so condescending to two little snobs like us!"

THE history of an opal ring belonging to the late King Alphonso XII. of Spain will be treasured by those who believe in the superstition regarding the evil effects of that stone. On his wedding-day the King presented a beautiful ring to his Queen Mercedes, daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. The Queen wore the ornament till her death, which occurred soon afterward. Before the burial, His Majesty took the ring from his wife's finger and placed it upon that of his sister, the Infantine, Maria del Pilar. The young Princess only lived a few days after receiving the ring. A third time the King took possession of the ring, and presented it to his sister-in-law, Princess Christina, the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montpensier. Three months later the Princess died. The King, surprised at the history of the ring, decided to wear it himself. But he did not wear it long, as death soon claimed him also. The Queen-Regent, after the burial of her husband, attached the ring to a golden chain and placed it upon the neck of the Virgin of Almudena, the patron saint of Madrid. Superstitious Spaniards foolishly attribute the various deaths to the ring, as a matter of course.

RESENDING SMILES.

A BAD OMEN.—To owe men money.

WHY is teetotalism a bar to friendship of a sort?—Because it prevents shaking hands.

A COMPETING hotel out West says, generously, of another that it stands without arrival.

It is proposed to substitute for the epithet "old maid" the more expressive one of "old Virgin-ian."

A THEATRICAL paper recently contained the following advertisement: "Alice Gilmore and her mother, Fanny Gilmore, have consolidated, and will hereafter travel together and be known as the Gilmore Sisters."

A PARIS lady abruptly entered her kitchen the other day, and saw the cook skimming the soup with a silver spoon. She said to her: "Françoise, I expressly forbade you to use the silver in the kitchen." "But, ma'am, the spoon was dirty."

A TRULY HAPPY DAY.—"Well, Leonora, what have you and Harold been doing at Aunt Mabel's to-day?" "Had dinner." "And what did you do after dinner?" "Had tea." "But what did you do between dinner and tea?" "Had some cake."

WHY is a beefsteak like a locomotive? Because it's not of much account without it's tender.

MACAULAY once observed that prize sheep were only fit for candles, and prize essays to light them.

A CALIFORNIAN poet has bought a mule, and a brother poet chronicles it as a remarkable instance of self-possession.

A BELLE, upon being asked her father's profession, said he "embalmed pork, she believed." He was a bacon-curer.

A WESTERN paper says of a brother editor: "He is one of the few journalists who can put an enemy into his mouth without fear of its stealing anything."

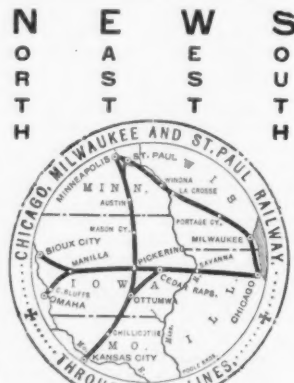
AN Italian jury recently acquitted a prisoner on a most ingenious plea. A tax-collector of Naples absconded with a large sum of the public money. He was caught, brought back and tried, but the jury acquitted him because the money he had stolen was the people's money; and, as he was one of the people, he was part owner of that money, and of course it would be monstrous to convict a man of stealing what was his own.

It is said that at three years old we love our mothers; at six our fathers; at ten, holidays; at sixteen, dress; at twenty our sweethearts; at twenty-five our wives; at forty our children, and at sixty ourselves.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE LADIES' PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE answers sent in by the following named persons have been adjudged so excellent that we gladly publish their names: E. W. Leatham, 117 Stevens street, Lowell, Mass.; M. Jennie Byrne, 1912 Vine street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. B. F. Reynolds, Tecumseh, Mich.; Annie E. Pierce, 663 Los Robles avenue, Pasadena, Cal.; Carrie A. Stone, Topsham, Me.; L. Gilmer, 706 East Leigh street, Richmond, Va.; Maude Western, Anthony, Harper County, Kan.; "Cara Richmond" (Mrs. C. R. Duxbury), 282 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Etta Eggleston, Menominee, Mich.; Eliza Hodgson, 712 South Sixth street, Pekin, Ill.; Clara M. Hodgson, 206 E. Read street, Baltimore, Md.; H. S. Ogilvie, 81 Bryant street, Buffalo, N. Y.; Nellie F. Swan, P. O. Box 213, Kirkwood, Mo.; Miss Lizzie Crawford, Escanaba, Mich.; Miss Isadore Baker, 220 Church street, Iowa City, Ia.; Miss Georgia Crowder, corner Dallas and Jacinto streets, Houston, Tex.; Mrs. Frank C. Mason, Easton, Talbot County, Md.; Mrs. Ellen M. Johnson, No. 34 State street, Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y.; Mrs. John Booker, Hampton, Va.; Miss Edith Peirson, Orville, Butte County, Cal.; Lillian H. Lewis, 151 South Main street, South Norwalk, Conn.; Frances Bell Burritt, Weedsport, Cayuga County, N. Y.; Betty Coningor, Greenwood, Ind.; Mrs. E. C. Brown, 113 Seventh avenue, East, Aberdeen, S. Dak.; Mrs. Dora Dryden Beckett, 628 East Dale street, Colorado Springs, Colo.; Edna Marie Benner, 1800 Vermont avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.; Madam M. W. Ferry, Lake Forest, Lake County, Ill.; Agnes M. Nagle, 448 King street, Pottstown, Pa.; Kate Graham, 1 Pennsylvania avenue, Allegheny, Pa.; Grace B. Hope, Ottawa, Kansas, Ont.; Mrs. Cochran, 1294 East Madison avenue, Clive, Ohio; Rebecca H. Sharpless, 1943 Gratz avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.; Ida Kohn, 1540 Mississippi avenue, St. Louis, Mo.; Z. L. Cooper, Indian Boarding School, Nez Perce Agency, Idaho; Mary Washington Early, Wingma P. O., Nelson County, Va.; Mrs. Louise Clark, 1058 Second street, Louisville, Ky.; Miss Katy Krise, Curwensville, Clearfield County, Pa.



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THE LONGEST DAY.

It is quite important, when speaking of the longest day of the year, to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by the following list, which tells the length of the longest day in several places. How unfortunate are the children in Tornea, Finland, where Christmas Day is less than three hours in length.

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length!

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardburg, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21st to July 22d without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours and the shortest five hours.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours long, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

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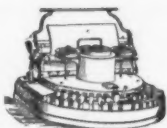
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THE ROMANCE OF A MAD-HOUSE.

(Continued from page 10.)

I believe there is one person who comes to see him—the murdered man's late house-keeper. I hope that to see him may not be a matter of great importance to you, for I fear you will be disappointed; and upon a night like this it will be unpleasant to have a door shut against you. This is the house. Good-evening!"

I rang the bell of the closed garden-gate, and, certainly having no idea of what I was going to say when it was answered, I waited. Soon I heard slow steps coming down the pathway, and I racked my brains for some excuse for having rung the bell. The next moment the gate was opened, and through the blinding snow a woman was looking at me inquiringly.

I took off my hat and tried to smile. "It is a bitterly cold night," I said. "I have lost my way; I am cold to my bones, and I have ventured to ring your bell to ask you for a cup of hot water."

Most women would have been frightened at a tall man coming in the dusk of a winter's evening and putting such a request; prudence would have advised them to shut the door in my face.

I do not know whether it was anything to do with my personal appearance—it can scarcely have been, as it was almost dark—or whether there was a ring of honesty in my voice, but the woman certainly smiled back.

"It is a cold night to have lost your way, sir," she said, "and I am afraid that a cup of hot water won't put much warmth into you. I can't ask you in, because it is not my house; but you will be out of the wind and snow if you come under the porch, and I will see what I can do for you. Down, Phono, down!"

"Down, Phono," was addressed to a great dog which came racing through the snow, barking at the top of his voice, evidently resenting my entrance. I called to him, and patted his great head as I followed the woman toward the house, thinking to myself that Phono was a curious name for a dog, an abbreviation probably of phonograph.

The door of the house had been left partially ajar, and a bright, pleasant light shone from within. As I peeped in I wondered whether any clew which might lead to my darling's acquittal of the horrible charge under which she now lived was hidden there.

"Wait here one moment," the woman said; and, whether at a sign from her or from simple friendliness on his own part, the dog sat down beside me.

I heard the woman enter a side room, heard her close the door after her; in a minute or so more it was opened again, and a man's pleasant voice said:

"Where is the gentleman? Not on the doorstep, surely! Mary, Mary, where is your hospitality?"

He threw the streetdoor right open, and I saw a little old bent man with long white hair and beard, wild, bright eyes, and a ruddy, healthy face.

"Come in! come in, sir!" he said. "I have been expecting you for some time; only I thought you were coming in the summer, riding down the lane on your high-spirited, restless horse. Sometimes I thought you would be thrown just at the gate; that we should carry you in, and nurse you for weeks; only, then I ought to have had a pretty niece for you to have fallen in love with. Sometimes I thought you would ask for a drink of cold water, leaning down from your saddle to take it. I never thought of you coming in the snow, but I always knew you would come sooner or later. Step in, sir; you are very welcome."

I looked at the woman—her expression said, "Humor him;" her lips almost framed the words, "Come in"—and I entered, the dog keeping by my side.

"Phono likes you; Phono takes to you," the old man said. "You don't know why I call him Phono. That is a secret. Take off your coat, sir. Mary, this gentleman stops to dinner."

I looked at the woman again. It was evident, to say the least of it, that the man was a little off his head. The woman's lips moved again, and said, "Stay;" and feeling a curious sense of excitement, I followed my strange host into a comfortable drawing-room.

A large fire burned in the grate; a large crimson lounge-chair and a smaller one of the most delicate satin, with raised roses of deep red embroidered upon it, were drawn up to the fire.

The old man sank into the large one, for a moment, I believe, forgetting me. I was just taking possession of the smaller one, when he jumped up.

"Not there!" he said, harshly, catching me by the arm rather roughly. "Here, my dear sir; here," and he forced me down into his chair with a strength I could not have expected of him; then he looked at the little chair.

"That is for an angel," he said, "a martyred angel. Excuse me if I am rough, but no one must sit in the chair of my angel."

He took another chair himself, and sat looking at the delicate pink one.

"I can see her in it sometimes," he said, almost to himself: "I can see her lovely eyes, her lovely, lovely eyes; she will sit in it some day, perhaps. It is there always ready for her. Some day she must come."

(To be continued.)

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